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THE AMERICAN WAR.

THE news from America repeats itself most consistently. For months, and we may now say for years past, the Northerners have been beaten whenever they have pressed the Southerners too closely; while, on the other hand, the Southerners have no hope, as they have also no wish (except with a view to a more speedy separation), to gain a position in the North. It is a strange war, in which it is difficult to be enthusiastic on either side, and in which it is also difficult to understand how any solution other than that of dissolution can possibly be arrived at. sanguine men are of opinion that whatever be the military and political result of the struggle, it will not terminate without slavery being brought absolutely to an end. The Liberal and Democratic party in Europe are quite convinced of this, and on this conviction is founded their otherwise inexplicable belief that the cause of the North is really the cause of liberty. The result of the commotion of 1848 in the Austrian empire, and especially in Hungary, was the abolition of serfdom, though serfdom had really nothing to do with the outbreak in the first instance. So the civil war in America may bring destruction to slavery, though every one must now understand that it was not the slavery question alone that caused it. Indeed, in the first instance, and for some time after the commencement of the war, the "rebels" were expressly told that they could retain their slaves, if they would only return to their political allegiance. Now, however, the terms are no longer the same; and, though con-

cessions are offered on all other points, the abolition of slavery is stipulated for as an essential condition of peace and of the restoration of the Union. Why have the terms been raised? Does Mr. Lincoln take higher ground under the impression that approaching success places him in a position from which he can really dictate to his

opponents? or is the possibility of striking a bargain so small that, whatever he may demand, he is sure beforehand that he will not get it? Another and probably the true explanation in this change in Mr. Lincoln's tone is the necessity under which he now feels himself of proclaiming his Abolitionist prin-

ciples as loudly as possible. A Presidential election is at hand, and he must go to the poll with a fixed policy, or at least with a fixed political creed, and not as the director of a desolating war based on the desire to subjugate the enemy alone.

Altogether, the American civil war seems to be very little understood in Europe. At least, it is understood very differently by different countries, and in the same country by different sets of politicians, and this quite apart from the question of self-interest. Indeed, it is remarkable that in England the very classes which would derive particular benefit from the triumph of the South are just those from whom the North obtains the greatest support. The workmen who starved in Blackburn for want of cotton were all on the Northern side, and the men in Parliament who represent what is called the cotton interest have from the beginning supported the North and shown themselves the most bitter enemies of the South. Then all the revolutionists of Europe have Northern sympathies, and numbers of unattached insurgents who, owing to the renewed alliance between Austria, Prussia, and Russia, are unable to find employment on this side of the Atlantic, are now on their way to America to



"INDUSTRY."—(FROM A PICTURE, BY G. H. BOUGHTON, IN THE RECENT EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.)

combat a well-organised and, in many respects, perfectly legitimate rebellion; which, moreover, has a thoroughly national character, such as few contemporary rebellions in Europe have possessed. What insurrection, for instance, has taken place in Europe, in recent times, in which the insurgents have not been broken up into two parties as hostile to one another as to the common enemy? In the Confederate States of America, on the other hand, we hear of no division of opinion whatever. After a failure, as after a success, and whatever the general prospects of the war may be, the most perfect unanimity seems to prevail. It is in this sense that the Southern rebellion (if rebellion it really be) deserves to be considered a truly national movement. The whole Confederate country is in earnest. All classes fight; all have the same object in view; and the Government performs its functions as regularly and as legally as though it had existed for centuries instead of having been improvised only three years ago in a sudden emergency, and under circumstances which are generally held to justify the appointment of a Dictator with irresponsible power.

That the separation of North from South is indispensable for the comfort and convenience of both can be shown, not only from the genuine hatred displayed on both sides during the existing war, but also from the mutual aversion exhibited before the war began, and, above all, by the curious fact that six or seven years ago, before the election of Mr. Lincoln, secession was seriously thought of by the North. During the whole of the present century—indeed, ever since the American colonies of England became the United States of America—the two or three hundred thousand slaveholders of the South have possessed enough influence to name the Presidents, to secure a majority in the Senate and in the Supreme Court, and thus to get into their hands the whole patronage of the Executive. It was the South that bought Louisiana, annexed Texas, and established slavery in a vast territory at a time when a large and influential party in the North were pledged to use all their exertions to limit, and if possible abolish, what they justly regarded as a national disgrace and crime. When the people of Kansas objected to the introduction of slavery among them it was forced upon them by every species of violence; and when, at last, the South, as their culminating triumph, placed in the presidential chair a man who had entered into an engagement not only to maintain but to extend slavery, disunion was freely advocated in the North (especially at Boston and New York) as the only means of escape from a system and a policy which it abhorred. "Disunion anti-slavery conventions" were formed in various Northern States, and resolutions were adopted to the effect that as the recent presidential election involved four years more of pro-slavery government, and an increase in the hostility between the two sections of the Union, it was desirable that the Free and Slave States should separate. Indeed, disunion was proposed by the Abolitionists of Massachusetts as long as thirty years ago; and yet now, when the South is fighting heart and soul with that very object, it is from the Abolitionists that it meets with the most frantic opposition.

Seven years ago the Abolitionists thought not of doing away with slavery in the South, and in spite of the Southerners, for they knew this to be impossible. Their great aim was to form a confederation of Free States, leaving the Slave States to take care of themselves. When they find once more (what they must have begun to discover now) that their greater project is beyond their power of execution, they may be content to fall back upon the lesser one, and the war in America will then be at an end. Slavery will still exist in the Southern States, but the slave trade will no longer be carried on; and, whether or not the legal position of the slave be raised, he will at least have the opportunity of escaping across a very extensive border whenever he finds his situation intolerable. In whatever manner this lamentable war be terminated, it will have given a blow to American slavery from which it is to be hoped it will never recover.

INDUSTRY.

AMONGST the less pretentious, but not the least attractive, pictures of the recent exhibition at the Royal Academy was the one which we have reproduced in our Illustration. Mr. Boughton possesses in an eminent degree that qualification of the true artist which enables him to gather interest round a single figure, and to make the simplest picture convey a story which appeals to the sympathies of the world. It may be too much to say that this representative of "industry" can claim so wide an appreciation; but what cares she at the moment for either praise or blame? she is utterly absorbed in the work that is now engaging her busy fingers; and as the glancing needles form mesh after mesh in the web that she is knitting, so her thoughts ravel and unravel the threads of memory, and hope, and fear. There seems to be little fear either in that set, self-contained expression with which she bends her energies upon the task before her. The truth is, that the happiness of constant occupation, or, at all events, its strength as an antidote to miserable thoughts, is a part of her daily experience. As the sunlight comes through the little window, lighting the poor furniture, the bare walls, and the remnants of the coarse and scanty meal, it lights her face, too, just as the bird is stirred in his cage and sings a welcome to the cheering influence.

There is something of the recluse nature about this young worker, too; but the cross she has to bear is not that of daily labour; she has learnt to regard it as a blessing. The little crucifix hanging there will be touched presently with the glory of the golden light, as it creeps along the wall. The hours will come and go upon the dial, and she will still sit there alone with her work and with the thoughts that gather round it as the stitches grow and grow. It is such pictures as these, expressing the half-hidden stories of a quiet life, that are often most welcome to the majority of those who know but little of the technicalities of art, but are very good judges indeed of the results of patient thought and of the artist's own industry.

A CURIOUS DECREE has just been issued in France, putting an end to the occupation of public informers in matters referring to State or Church property. At all events, if carried on, the business must be performed gratuitously, as no portion of any fine or confiscation in such cases is henceforth to go to those modern disciples of Titus Oates.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

Preparations on an extensive scale are being made at Paris for the fêtes in honour of the King of Spain. The 17th is to be the grand day, when the entertainments at Versailles are to be of unprecedented magnificence and splendour. Invitations to the number of 10,000 are to be issued for this fête.

The trial of "the thirteen" (MM. Garnier Pagès, Carnot, and others) for having illegally convened an electoral meeting of more than twenty persons, has concluded. Berryer, Favre, Marie, and the other leading men at the French Bar, were retained for the defence. But, notwithstanding a most brilliant speech from M. Jules Favre—so brilliant, that M. Berryer and his colleagues declined to add anything to it—the Sixth Chamber of the Correctional Tribunal of the Seine sentenced the accused gentlemen to a fine of 500fr. each, with costs. The decision is to be appealed against.

SPAIN.

A telegram from Madrid announces that there are apprehensions of a popular disturbance in that capital, in consequence of which the Government have taken measures to preserve order. Considerable alarm was said to exist.

GERMANY.

A Berlin paper of some credit states that the Hanoverian representative at the Federal Diet has announced that Hanover will withdraw her troops from Holstein if the Diet fail to obtain satisfaction for the Prussian occupation of Rendsburg. On the other hand, it is affirmed that Prussia complains of the federal troops engaged in carrying out the execution in Holstein having entered Lauenburg, and demands some explanation on the subject.

GREECE.

Greece has just passed through a Ministerial crisis and a change of Government. In the new Ministry Admiral Canaris takes the Presidency of the Council and the Department of the Marine; the other offices are distributed amongst gentlemen who, whatever reputation they may enjoy in their own country, are hardly known even by name in this.

TUNIS.

Notwithstanding the announcement that peace had been concluded between the Bey of Tunis and the Arabs, we learn that considerable apprehensions exist with regard to its permanency. The Arabs are said to be greatly dissatisfied with their chiefs for coming to terms without insisting upon the dismissal of the Minister or Kasnadar; and matters wear so threatening an aspect that the French and Italian Admirals have dispatched two ships of war to the coast for the protection of the subjects of their respective countries.

DENMARK AND THE DUCHIES.

The Danish Rigsdag was opened by King Christian in person, on Saturday, in a brief speech, wherein his Majesty, in tones of sadness which will awaken sympathy in most hearts, announced that, notwithstanding the courage and endurance of the army and fleet, and the sacrifices incurred by the people, the war waged against Denmark by a superior force had compelled him to agree to the most grievous concessions. But all Europe had deserted Denmark, and a continuance of the war would only have occasioned her greater losses and misfortunes, without the prospect of an improved position. To the future he looks with comfort, in full reliance upon the people, and in the hope that brighter days will not fail to heal the deep wounds inflicted upon the country.

A meeting of the clergy and gentry of the district of Kiel was held on Monday, at which a petition was submitted for presentation to the Schleswig-Holstein Commissioners demanding a common government for the duchies under the protection of Prussia. Of the twenty-three persons composing the assembly, five refused to sign the document. An exchange of prisoners has commenced between the Danes and the Germans, and on Monday 1000 Schleswigers who had served in the Danish army and been discharged were landed at Flensburg amidst general rejoicings.

Austria and Prussia are reported to have entered into negotiations respecting the establishment of a joint Provisional Government in the duchies, to be proposed to the Frankfurt Diet.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

DESPERATE FIGHTING AT ATLANTA.

In addition to the fighting which occurred in front of Atlanta on the 20th or 21st ult., previously reported, a desperate engagement took place on the 22nd. The result is reported to have been indecisive, though both sides claim the victory. Up to the 30th ult., the date of our latest intelligence from New York, no official despatches had been published by the Federal Government, a fact which gave rise to considerable uneasiness as to the position of General Sherman; but private accounts describe the battle of the 22nd as an attack by the Confederates, resulting in horrible slaughter and as a complete repulse of the enemy at every point:—

The rebels, holding the largest part of the city, assaulted our works on that day with great fury, evidently expecting to drive our forces out of the city. The 15th Corps, commanded by General Frank Blair, seemed to be the special object of rebel wrath, as they massed against it in overwhelming force. The 15th received the shock gallantly, and held its own until General Dodge, with the 16th Corps, came up, when the rebels were hurled back with great slaughter. General Logan, at the head of the 17th Corps, went into battle with the rallying cry of "Remember M'Pherson!" This corps, as well as Blair's 15th Corps, both constituting the army under Major-General M'Pherson, fought desperately, the news of the death of their brave commander having been communicated to them just before going into battle. General M'Pherson was shot whilst reconnoitring. He became separated from his staff for a moment, and a rebel sharpshooter shot him from an ambush. The terrible struggle ended by repulsing the enemy at every point of the line. It was arranged that on Saturday the dead of both armies should be buried, and the wounded removed under a flag of truce. Our troops buried 1000 rebels left on the field within our lines; besides which the rebels buried many of their own dead themselves near their works. Upon this basis it is estimated that the rebel killed and wounded on Friday will exceed 6000, the proportion of killed to wounded in battle being about one to seven. Our loss will reach about 2500 in killed and wounded. The 15th Corps suffered severely, the enemy's troops having been massed against it. It was this act of the enemy, in part, that caused him such heavy loss. While the work of burying the dead and removing the wounded was going on on Saturday Sherman's heavy artillery was playing upon the city. At the same time large fires were observed in different parts of Atlanta, supposed to be caused by the destruction of supply depôts and other rebel property which the enemy could not carry off and did not wish to fall into our hands. This is considered as evidence of their intending to evacuate the place.

The following despatches from General Hood, the Confederate Commander, which had been published in the Richmond papers, give the Southern version of the affair:—

The army shifted its position fronting on Peach-tree Creek last night, and Stewart's and Cheatham's corps made a night march, attacked the enemy's extreme left at one o'clock, and drove him from his works, capturing sixteen pieces of artillery and five stand of colours. Cheatham attacked the enemy at four p.m. with a portion of his command, and drove him, capturing six pieces of artillery. During these engagements we captured about 2000 prisoners. Wheeler's cavalry routed the enemy in the neighbourhood of Decatur, capturing his camp. Our loss is not fully ascertained. Major-General Walker is killed, and Brigadier-Generals Smith, Grist, and Mercer are wounded. Prisoners report M'Pherson killed. Our troops fought with great gallantry.

About one this afternoon the enemy attacked our left, under General Stewart, with great vigour. They were received with a galling fire from both artillery and infantry, which caused them to falter, when the word was given to charge. Our troops left their breastworks and charged with great rapidity, driving the enemy from two lines of intrenchments and capturing a large number of prisoners and twenty-two pieces of artillery. Hardee, having passed around the enemy's flank, is now in their rear, doing great execution. Fighting still continues.

General Wheeler last evening attacked the enemy's left, in the neighbourhood of Decatur, and drove them back, capturing 500 waggon with supplies and a large number of prisoners. There was but little fighting after dark yesterday. 2000 prisoners, including seventy-five commissioned officers,

twenty-two pieces of artillery, and seven stand of colours have been brought in. The losses on each side are unknown. Ours is severe in officers. Comparative quiet reigns this morning, but there is some skirmishing on our left.

Atlanta, July 23. In the engagement yesterday we captured eighteen stand of colours instead of five, and thirteen guns instead of twenty-two. General Mercer was not wounded. All is quiet to-day, except a little picket-firing and occasional shells thrown into the city.

On the 23rd both belligerents buried their dead under a flag of truce. No further fighting had taken place up to the 25th; but advices from Sherman's army state that there were strong indications that General Hood would again attack the Federal position. Rousseau's expedition returned to Marietta on the 26th, having destroyed thirty-one miles of railroad and captured 2000 prisoners. Another cavalry force sent out by Sherman to cut the Macon and Columbus Railroad had not been heard from, while it is reported that General Hardee was operating in Sherman's rear. The position of the Federals forms a semicircle, its left resting on Decatur, six miles from Atlanta, its right being about three miles from the city. Hood holds a range of hills with Peach-tree Creek in his front.

ATLANTA AND ITS DEFENCES.

THE *New York Herald* gives the following description of Atlanta and its fortifications:—

Seven miles south of the Chattahoochee, and at the terminus of several railroads, is situated Atlanta. This town before the war was important merely as a flourishing business and railroad centre. It was the county town of Fulton County, Georgia. The inhabitants of the surrounding plantations came there for justice and for trade. Large quantities of cotton and grain found here either a market or transport to seaports. There are three railroads which terminate at Atlanta—the Georgia road, connecting Atlanta with Augusta; the Macon and Western road to Macon; and the Western and Atlantic road to Chattanooga, Tennessee. A few miles south of Atlanta branches the Lagrange Railroad, connecting Atlanta with West Point, on the Chattahoochee River, at the Alabama line, seventy-two miles distant. By means of these railroads, Atlanta in former times was connected with all parts of the United States, and until recently was the greatest railroad point in the hands of the enemy.

The city was laid out in 1845, and has now become one of the most populous in Georgia. In 1860 its population consisted of about twelve thousand resident inhabitants, and since the war has increased to almost double that number, the surplus being made up of Government officials and employes. The city contains several hotels, a courthouse, and several fine blocks of buildings. Since the war it has become an extensive Government dépôt and manufacturing centre. Here are located the principal shops of the railroads joining at this point, the most extensive rolling-mill in the South, foundries, an machine-shops, pistol-factory, shops for the manufacture of miscellaneous Government articles, and two laboratories.

Many of the works are owned by private individuals, but for the past two years have been exclusively engaged in supplying the wants of the rebel Government. They are, in consequence, generally included under the head of Government works.

One mile below the passenger dépôt, and on the west side of the Georgia railroad, is situated the Atlanta Rolling-mill. This is the most extensive establishment of the kind in the South. It was built in 1858, and owned, in 1863, by Schofield and Markham. It was at one time purchased by the South Carolina Railroad Company for 600,000 dol., exclusive of the negroes belonging to the mill, which sold for an additional sum of 75,000 dol. The mill has employed one hundred white hands and a like number of negroes. This mill is the only one in the South with accommodations for rolling railroad iron. Of this work, however, it has done little, its full capacity being used in the rolling of gun-boat plates; and so great has been the demand for that purpose that all unused rails from the different roads of the South have been brought here to be turned into armour for gun-boats. Even roads not part of a chain of communication between two important points have been torn up, and the iron appropriated to the purpose mentioned. This mill furnished the iron for the Merrimack, Arkansas, the boats in Mobile Bay; and, in fact, nearly all the iron boats that the rebel Government has ever built have received plates from these works. This fact alone rendered Atlanta a good point for destruction. But its usefulness to the South did not end here. From the rolling-mill, following the railroad towards the dépôt, and but a short distance, is a foundry and machine-shop for the manufacture of shot and shell exclusively. Further on, and on the same side of the railroad, is a pistol-factory. This establishment is owned by Spiller and Burr, and was reconstructed in 1862. It is a large building, five stories high, and was formerly used as a grist-mill. It was built by Richard Peters, of Atlanta. The machinery used for the purpose of manufacturing pistols was removed from Holly Springs shortly before its capture by our forces. This work has given employment to nearly 300 hands.

On the other side of the railroad, near the pistol-factory, is a Government arsenal. This has been built since the war, and has been in vigorous operation ever since, repairing and making arms, building gun-carriages, and also has a machine for rolling out sheet copper for caps. This establishment employed about 200 hands.

A short distance further up the railroad, on the west side, are the machine-shops, roundhouse, &c., of the Georgia Railroad and Banking Company. These works are very extensive, and have done the repairing of engines and cars of the Macon road.

Near the dépôt, in one of the main streets of the town, is the military storehouse. Here a large stock of small articles used by the Government was stored, and issued as ordered by the proper authorities.

Three miles east of the city is the Government Laboratory. Here were manufactured percussion-caps, fulminating powder, fuses, alcohol, chemicals, &c. In this establishment a large number of both sexes and all ages and colours were employed. North of the dépôt are the machine-shops and roundhouse of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, and opposite is the Naval Laboratory. Higher up, and on the west side of the railroad, are Windship's foundry and machine-shops. This establishment has fulfilled some of the largest Government contracts, and kept in constant employment a large number of hands. On the other side of the railroad are several shops of different kinds, all recently engaged in the manufacture of supplies for the rebel Government.

There are, besides the works enumerated, a large number of pork-packing and oil establishments; also a button manufactory. Many of the buildings in the town were used by the rebels for different purposes, such as clothing, shoe, artillery, harness, &c., manufactories.

OPERATIONS IN VIRGINIA.

Advices from the army of the Potomac indicate that General Grant was again changing his base. On the 26th heavy artillery-firing occurred between the Confederates and the 18th Corps. The results were unimportant. Federal operations in the vicinity of Bermuda Hundred having induced the Confederates to believe that Richmond was about to be approached on the north side of the James River, they withdrew from Petersburg a portion of Hill's and of Longstreet's corps to oppose the movement, whereupon the 2nd Corps under General Hancock was detached, and sent across the James River on the afternoon of the 26th ult., on a pontoon-bridge, near the mouth of Four-Mile Run. The movement is believed to have surprised the Confederates, who fell back hastily to their intrenchments on being charged by the first division. The Federals recaptured four 20-pounder Parrot guns which were taken from the 18th Corps near Drury's Bluff on the 27th of May last. A portion of the 19th Corps was also reported to have crossed the James. The intrenchments to which the Confederates retreated were constructed over two years ago, and are known to be of great strength.

The position now held by General Hancock is within ten miles of Richmond, and it was believed that General Grant intended advancing from that direction to the immediate defences of the Confederate capital with a view to open a regular siege. It was rumoured that the entire army was to be transferred to the north bank of the James River, the siege of Petersburg being abandoned. It was reported that the Confederate rams had descended from Richmond and destroyed a Federal gun-boat, and that they were about to attack City Point. The movements in progress are represented to be of the greatest importance, and immediate and decisive results were expected.

Early defeated a portion of Hunter's troops, commanded by Crook and Averill, on the 23rd and 24th, near Winchester. The Federals retreated to Harper's Ferry. Averill, Kelley, and Mulligan are rumoured to have been killed. The Confederates had occupied Martinsburg, and commenced destroying the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. They had also advanced into Pennsylvania. Preparations were being made to resist any further Confederate invasion in Pennsylvania. The Governor had issued a proclamation stating that the invading force was larger than he expected, and that arms would be furnished to the citizens for the defence of Harrisburg. Mosby, with 500 cavalry, was in Maryland, near Edward's Ferry.

Latest accounts are very contradictory; one statement is to the effect that the Confederates held several of the fords of the Potomac, and purposed crossing the river in very large force. Another represents that their entire force, 40,000 strong, had retired

from the Upper Potomac, possibly to attempt a crossing further down. The preparations made by the military authorities are said to be such as would secure the safety of the capital and regain possession of the Shenandoah Valley. It was thought that the Confederates would at least attempt to hold the valley until they could secure its harvest.

GENERAL NEWS.

Secretary Fessenden had appealed to the people for subscriptions to a loan of 200,000,000 dols. seven three-tenths Treasury notes, redeemable in three years and with interest payable in currency. The notes are to be convertible at maturity into bonds bearing interest, payable in gold.

A board of naval officers had decided that the persons rescued from the Alabama by the Deerhound were prisoners of war. The Government had approved this decision.

It was said that the Governor of Missouri had notified the National Government that the militia of that State could not be relied upon, several organisations having gone over to the enemy, and others having manifested disloyalty.

Charleston advises represent the bombardment of Sumter to be progressing with renewed vigour, 425 shells being thrown at the fort on the 20th. Several small bodies of well-armed and mounted Confederate cavalry are reported to have crossed the Cumberland River into Kentucky on the 28th.

The St. Louis Democrat states that the conspiracy recently discovered in the north-west is centered in an organisation known as the "Order of American Knights." The order is said to be of Southern origin, being erected on the ruins of the "Knights of the Golden Circle." The Democrat alleges that Vallandigham, while in Canada, devoted his energies to the interests of the organisation, of which he is a prominent officer, and that the knights purposed seizing the arsenals and other Government property, declaring the National Government to be a usurped authority, and overthrowing it. The subsequent formation of a great republic, embracing the Western and Middle States, formed the chief object of the order, which, according to the Democrat, numbers over a million of members. This information is said to be based upon voluminous testimony taken before the Provost-Marshal General of Missouri.

THE PEACE BETWEEN DENMARK AND GERMANY.

The following is the translation of the official text of the preliminaries of peace concluded between Austria and Prussia on the one hand and Denmark on the other:—

THE PRELIMINARY TREATY.

1. His Majesty the King of Denmark renounces all his rights to the duchies of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg in favour of their Majesties the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria, engaging to recognise the arrangements their said Majesties shall make in respect of those duchies.

2. The cession of the duchy of Schleswig comprehends all the islands belonging to that duchy, as well as the territory situated upon the mainland. To simplify the boundary question and put an end to the inconveniences resulting from the portion of Jutland territory situated within Schleswig, his Majesty the King of Denmark cedes to their Majesties the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria the Jutland possessions situated to the south of the southern frontier line of the district of Ribe laid down upon the maps, such as the Jutland territory of Møgeltonder, the island of Amrom, the Jutland portions of the islands of Föhr, Sylt, and Rømø, &c.

On the other hand, their Majesties the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria consent that an equivalent portion of Schleswig, comprising, in addition to the island of Arroe, the territories connecting the above-mentioned district of Ribe with the remainder of Jutland, and rectifying the frontier line between Jutland and Schleswig from the side of Köding, shall be detached from the duchy of Schleswig and incorporated in the kingdom of Denmark. The island of Arroe will not make part of the compensation by reason of its geographical extent.

The details of the demarcation of the frontiers shall be settled by the definitive treaty of peace.

3. The debts contracted upon special accounts, whether of the kingdom of Denmark, or of one of the duchies of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg, will remain respectively at the charge of each of these countries.

Debts contracted for account of the Danish Monarchy shall be divided between the kingdom of Denmark upon the one hand and the ceded duchies upon the other, in proportion to the population of the two parts.

From this redistribution are excepted—1. The loan contracted in England by the Danish Government in the month of December, 1863, which is to remain at the charge of the kingdom of Denmark; 2. The war expenses incurred by the Allied Powers, the repayment of which will be undertaken by the duchies.

4. The high contracting parties engage to establish an armistice upon the basis of the military *uti possidetis*, dating from the 2nd of August, the conditions of which will be found specified in the annexed protocol.

5. Immediately after the signature of these preliminaries of peace the high contracting parties will meet at Vienna to negotiate a definitive treaty of peace.

PROTOCOL RESPECTING THE CONDITIONS OF THE ARMISTICE.

In execution of Article 4 of the preliminaries of peace signed this day between his Majesty the King of Denmark upon the one part and their Majesties the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria upon the other, the undersigned Plenipotentiaries assembled in conference have agreed to the following conditions:—

1. Dating from the 2nd of August next there shall be a complete suspension of hostilities by land and by sea, which shall last until the conclusion of peace. In case, contrary to all expectation, the negotiation of a peace should not be effected before the 15th of September next, the high contracting parties will be at liberty after that date to terminate the armistice in six weeks' time.

2. His Majesty the King of Denmark engages definitively to raise the blockade after Aug. 2.

3. Their Majesties the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria, while maintaining the occupation of Jutland under the existing conditions of the *uti possidetis*, declare themselves ready to keep in that country no larger number of troops than their Majesties may judge necessary according to purely military considerations.

4. The levy of contributions, in so far as it has not yet been carried into effect, is suspended. Goods, or other objects seized as such war contributions and not sold prior to Aug. 3, will be returned. Fresh levies of contributions will not be ordered.

5. The provisionment of the allied troops will be furnished at the expense of Jutland, conformably with the Prussian and Austrian provisioning regulations in operation for each of the allied armies upon the war footing. The lodging of the troops and officials connected with the army, as well as the means of transport for the use of the army, shall equally be furnished at the expense of Jutland.

6. The surplus of the ordinary revenue of Jutland in the public treasuries of that country, after the costs of the different supplies and requisitions above-mentioned have been paid by such treasuries to the communes charged with furnishing them, and after the necessary expenses of administration have been equally defrayed from their funds, shall be handed over to the Danish Government either in money or by way of set-off at the time of the evacuation of Jutland.

7. The pay of the allied troops, including the extraordinary war pay, is excluded from the expenses chargeable upon Jutland.

8. Prisoners of war and political prisoners will be set at liberty upon promise that the prisoners of war will not serve in the Danish army before the conclusion of peace. The liberation of the prisoners will take place, at the earliest possible period, at the ports of Swinemünde and Lübeck.

9. Danish soldiers allowed to visit Jutland during the armistice shall be allowed to return to the Danish army unbound in case of the resumption of hostilities as soon as they are called to their flag.

RELIGIOUS AFFAIRS IN TURKEY.—The "difficulty" between the Porte and the Protestant missionaries has been arranged on a basis which, if not all that the latter could wish for, will, perhaps, under all the circumstances, be generally regarded as equitable and satisfactory. The book-stores and offices of the several societies have been reopened, and full liberty given to their agents to preach to all comers in their respective chapels and meeting-rooms, but not in the khans or other public places of Stamboul. The free sale of the Bible in book-stores is permitted, but not its colportage about the capital, nor the sale or gratuitous distribution of controversial works attacking Mohammedanism.

AN IMMENSE COAL-STOCK ON FIRE.—On Sunday, Humphrey-lane Colliery, near the Middleton junction of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, was visited by several hundreds of people to witness a large coal stock which was on fire. The Chamber Colliery Company have been stacking engine-coal at several of their collieries, and there is now at the above-named pit an immense quantity stacked together, covering several acres, and heaped to the height of about 30 ft. Smoke was observed by several of the workmen at the colliery leaving from this stock several days ago, and it was ascertained that spontaneous combustion was at work. Already several hundreds of tons have been consumed. About forty men were at work on Sunday dividing the stock into several portions. Water-pipes were brought into action and rendered great service in preventing the fire from extending. At the south side of the stock lie many loads of cinders which have been carted away. The loss is estimated at several thousand pounds.

LORD PALMERSTON AT BRADFORD.

THE Premier arrived in Bradford on Monday evening, in order to lay the foundation-stone of the new Exchange in that town. The ceremony took place on Tuesday, when his Lordship received a most enthusiastic reception. A few days ago, it should be noticed, an attempt was made among some of the working men at Bradford to get up a demonstration against the noble Lord on account of his not fulfilling his pledges on the reform question. At a thinly-attended meeting, however, at which it was resolved to present an address embodying this sentiment, there were a good many dissentients, and the "Palmerston Reception Committee" declined to allow the address to be presented; whereupon the committee of the meeting recommended working men to maintain a significant silence. The recommendation, however, was totally neglected.

The proceedings were commenced by Mr. W. H. Ripley, at whose residence Lord Palmerston was staying, entertaining at breakfast the Corporation of Bradford, the members of the Chamber of Commerce, and the principal merchants of the town and neighbourhood. During the night an unfavourable change in the weather had occurred; several showers fell in the course of the morning, and the prospect of a fine day looked exceedingly gloomy. Shortly after twelve o'clock Lord Palmerston, accompanied by his host and a distinguished party, proceeded in carriages to the Peel Park, where a procession was organised of the local and civic bodies and volunteers, which proceeded from Peel Park down Otley-road, East-parade, Leeds-road, Bridge-street, Market-street, to the site of the new Exchange. The whole route of the procession was crowded by a dense concourse of persons, not only of inhabitants of Bradford, but of those who poured in from Leeds and other places in the immediate vicinity. The whole line was tastefully decorated by flags, bearing appropriate mottoes of welcome, and other decorations usual on such occasions. Lord Palmerston met with a most cordial reception. Although the cheering in the Peel Park was not very demonstrative, it was amply made up for by unmistakable enthusiasm manifested along the entire route, the cheers being hearty and continuous, accompanied with waving of handkerchiefs and other demonstrations from the spectators, who occupied the windows and the tops of the houses along the line of the procession. A few showers fell as the procession was being marshalled; but it cleared up, and as Lord Palmerston arrived at the site of the new Exchange the sun, for the first time during the day, burst through the clouds, and shone most auspiciously during the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone. The proceedings were very simple. The Mayor, Mr. Farrar, having briefly bid Lord Palmerston welcome to Bradford and expressed the appreciation of the inhabitants of the honour which he had done them in visiting their town, Alderman Wrightson, as the chairman of the New Exchange Company, presented an address, in replying to which Lord Palmerston congratulated the inhabitants of Bradford on the progress their town had made, and expressed a confident expectation that they had only seen the beginning of their prosperity, and that at a future time another and still more extensive structure would be required for the transaction of the business of Bradford.

A grand banquet afterwards took place in the St. George's Hall, on the conclusion of which the company adjourned to the Great Hall, where upwards of 4000 persons had assembled, and where addresses were presented from the Corporation and the Chamber of Commerce. In replying to these addresses, Lord Palmerston made the principal speech of the day, of which the following are the most important passages:—

THE LABOURS OF PUBLIC MEN.

In despot countries those who have the conduct of affairs are deprived by custom of those opportunities which are enjoyed in a free country like this of mixing with their fellow-countrymen on those easy terms on which it has been my good fortune to mix to-day with the people of Bradford. It is customary to talk of the labours and anxieties of office. Well, those labours and anxieties are light to those who believe they are doing their duty to the best of their power. That only harasses which time and opportunity prevent them from doing; that which they are able to do is a source of satisfaction if they feel they are doing their best; and whether their efforts are attended by success or failure their minds are satisfied that they have performed their duty to their country.

COMPOSITION AND RESPONSIBILITY OF THE MINISTRY.

You have been pleased in the resolution to advert to the conduct of public men, mine among others. It is true, I trust, and am proud to say, that during the last five years this country has enjoyed a state of increasing prosperity and comfort, and that, while we have been in a thriving condition at home, our honour and the dignity and interests of the country have been maintained, and, adopting words which are familiar to the ears of all, the great influence of England in foreign countries has not been lowered. These results are the consequence of the combined efforts of an Administration of which I may be permitted to say that no other Administration that ever existed contained within itself a greater number of able, distinguished, and capable men. I venture, without fear of contradiction, to say that there never was a Government in which every department of State was better filled than it has been filled by the Government which is now in power; and therefore it would be unjust to attribute any peculiar merit to any one member of the Administration. The merit belongs to the combined and united efforts of all, and it is only by such a continued and united course of action that any Government can accomplish results worthy of obtaining the confidence and goodwill of their fellow-countrymen.

EFFECTS AND PROGRESS OF FREE TRADE.

It has undoubtedly been one of the main objects of the policy of the Government to remove all obstacles that stand in the way of the development of the industry and commerce of the country, and to induce, as far as they are able to do so, other countries to adopt the doctrine and follow the example which have been set to them and held forth by us. But that task is not an easy one. There is nothing so difficult to uproot as a prejudice long established in the human mind; and, although those who have cast away a prejudice, who have abandoned an error and got into the road of truth, may wonder that others have not done the same, yet it is a remarkable fact that the mind of man is prone to cling to errors as long as men are interested in them; but when they have turned their back upon them and have come to the truth, they wonder not only that others do not follow them, but that they themselves should have ever entertained the same errors and prejudices. We all know what a long battle was fought in the country between free-trade opinions and the system of protection. We all know how many a man conscientiously thought that the country would be ruined by taking away that protection which this, that, and the other class had had from time immemorial, to the prejudice of every other class, to the detriment of the country at large. It is long before a nation can learn the truth that in all regulations of commerce they have to consider, not the interests of one particular class as producers, but the interests of that much larger class, the consumers—namely, the whole nation. Although a Government may often appear hardhearted and severe in dealing with the interests of a class of producers who have hitherto been protected, yet it ought to be borne in mind that they are only doing their duty to the many, and that, in fact, even the interests of those few will, in the long run, find a benefit in the changes which are made. We all recollect the time when, a proposal being made to abolish the protection which the agricultural producers had long enjoyed, the people were told that the country would be ruined—would be starved; that the land would go out of cultivation; that the agricultural interest would vanish and perish, and they said, "For Heaven's sake don't inflict such a calamity upon the country!" Well, what has been the consequence? Not only by the repeal of the corn laws have the bulk of the community received largely supplies of food which previously they could not get, and been able in exchange for them to send forth the products of their industry, but the agriculturist himself has greatly benefited by the change. Every class which is protected puts on its nightcap and goes to sleep; and it requires that which the schoolboys call "the cold pig," application of competition, to stimulate the energies of the man and make him bestir himself and improve the calling to which he has devoted his mind and capital. Well, that has been the case with the agricultural interest, and that will be the case with all other nations which shall adopt our principles of free trade. But if you come to talk to them about it they pour forth such force of argument that you would think the trade would be ruined and the other branches of industry would be impoverished, and that you cannot afford to take the bread out of the mouth of this class and that class. But they forget the interests of the consumers. They look only to the small and local interests, and they are as deaf as an adder, and you cannot persuade them to adopt the doctrines you preach. Nothing can convince other nations except the broad and patent example of the prosperity which England has reached from the abolition of that protective system. We are often told that we ought to make commercial treaties with other countries, and thereby gain, in exchange for the admission of other commodities, facilities for the admission of ours. That system has been rendered impossible by that which we have already done. In the case of France it was a necessity, because the French Government, although desirous of entering into a system of free exchange with us, was unable to do so, except as the consequence of a treaty, and that treaty, as has just been said, and every country in this town well knows, has been of the greatest advantage to England. I am glad to think that it has been peculiarly beneficial to Bradford; that it has been a great advantage to the French nation, who, when it was

first proposed, thought it was a calamity from which they could probably with difficulty recover. Well, that treaty was made. We had to take off import duties from an immense number of commodities. It was impossible to limit the abolition of duty to articles coming from France, because, with our insular position, commodities from other countries would surely have come through France, and therefore what was granted to France was granted to every other country. If it is real and sincere that you will abolish certain duties here if they will abolish certain duties, that is very much as if two men had shackles on their legs, and one was to say to the other, "Now, if you will take off your shackles, I will take off mine, but not otherwise." If the duties which we impose upon the importation of foreign commodities which are wanted by the consumers of this country are a burden upon the country itself, and the remission or abolition of these duties is a gain, whether it be accompanied or not by any corresponding remission or obligation on the part of other countries, we do it for our own sakes, and so we tell these foreign countries. They don't very much believe us. They say, making an erroneous use of words—and there is no greater cause of error in reasoning than the misapplication of terms—they say, especially in Germany, if we let in English commodities upon a low duty, and without difficulty, we shall be inundated with British commodities. They think in their own minds what an inundation of European commodities as would happen from the breaking of one of their great dykes? They totally forget that we are much too sensible to make them a present of what we have been making; that we only send our commodities abroad as an exchange for an equal value to be received here, and that therefore they cannot be inundated with our goods unless they themselves, by their own industry, create an equal value to send to us in return, and that consequently every additional commodity which we send abroad is the cause of additional industry, additional capital, and additional employment to their manufactures at home.

IRELAND.

THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT IN DUBLIN.—The first stone of the intended O'Connell monument was laid on Monday by the Lord Mayor, on the site granted by the Corporation at the southern extremity of Sackville-street. The demonstration was the greatest that has ever taken place in Dublin, and the conduct of the people was most orderly and quiet. The procession started at twelve o'clock from Stephen's-green, where the several trades of the city had assembled from an early hour, with their bands and the banners of their respective guilds. The persons who took part in the procession were green sashes, rosettes, and ribbons, and many of the people who thronged the streets were similarly decorated. Amongst those who took part in the procession were the Roman Catholic Primate, Dr. Dixon, Archbishop Cullen, Archbishop Leahy, and several other Roman Catholic prelates. Starting from Stephen's-green, the procession passed through the principal streets of Dublin to Sackville-street, where the first stone was laid in the presence of a vast assemblage. The windows along the line of the procession were crowded with spectators, and all the shops were closed. Traffic and business were completely suspended, and the day was kept as a holiday by the artisans and tradesmen. In the evening a banquet took place at the Rotundo. The Lord Mayor presided; and amongst the speakers were Archbishop Leahy; Mr. J. F. Maguire, M.P.; Sir Colman O'Loghlen, M.P.; and Sir John Gray.

FORBIDDING THE Banns.—SINGULAR INTERRUPTION OF A WEDDING. One of the most singular illustrations of the well-known aphorism, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," occurred, we are informed, in Antrim recently. It would appear that at an early hour of the morning a dashing suite of three carriages, with the customary hymeneal embellishments, were furnished by a well-known local posting establishment to convey an apparently happy bride and bridegroom, and a joyous wedding party to the historic town of Antrim, where the ceremony was arranged to take place. The party are said to have been in the highest spirits on the way, and, arrived in Antrim, at once proceeded to the sacred edifice in which the twain were to be made one. The officiating clergyman was in readiness, the bride and bridegroom took their places; and the pretty bridesmaids, with a pardonable flutter of expectation, arranged themselves in their allotted positions, and "all went merry as a marriage bell" until the clergyman, in the course of the service, asked if any present knew of any just cause or impediment why the aspirants for matrimony before him should not be joined in that holy estate. The query was instantly responded to by a young gentleman in the body of the church, who protested that he had just reason to forbid the banns; and, amid excitement which can be better imagined than described, he requested permission to put a question to the bride. This was accorded him, and, in a manly voice, he asked her if she had not, some two years since, pledged her troth to him. The fair fiancée hung her head and answered "Yes"; and, while her intended husband, in concert with the entire assemblage, gazed in utter bewilderment on the scene, the fickle fair one put a climax to the proceedings by adding, "And I will keep my word!" Instantly seizing her former lover by the arm, she swept with him in majesty from the church, and, entering one of the carriages which had driven the party to the sacred edifice, drove off at locomotive speed with her recovered swain to the residence of her mother, leaving the poor fellow in the church to ruminate over the inconstancy of nubile woman, and doubtless hoping "better luck next time."

SCOTLAND.

THE COUNTESS OF ELGIN.—At a meeting of the Town Council of Dunfermline on Wednesday, the following touching letter from the Countess of Elgin was read:—"Broomhall, July 12. Sir.—I request that you will have the goodness to express to the Provost and magistrates and Town Council of Dunfermline my deep sense of their kindness in forwarding to me excerpts from their minutes in relation to the irreparable loss that it has pleased Providence to inflict upon me and my children. It is most pleasing to me to have this assurance that those who have known Lord Elgin from his youth so fully appreciate his death as a national as well as a private loss. For their kind sympathy with myself I cannot sufficiently thank them. In the midst of my deep sorrow I look back with solemn gratitude to the privilege mercifully granted to me of witnessing the calm resignation and courage of those last days of painful illness, and of treasuring up the sacred words and wishes which dwell in the good of his country and the truest welfare of those most dear to him. That his children may daily become more able to appreciate the merits and follow the footsteps of their beloved father, and that I may be aided and strengthened to do my part in promoting this end in accordance with his views and desires, will be the constant aim and the greatest consolation of my remaining days.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant, MARY L. ELGIN, &c."

A WOMAN SHOT BY A VOLUNTEER.—On Tuesday week James Wilson, tailor, Covington, was brought to Lanark charged with shooting a woman at Covington Mill. It appears that he was a member of the Biggar company of volunteers, and had been with them at Lanark that day for battalion drill. Before leaving Lanark he had got intoxicated, and he left the train at Thankerton station, it being nearest his home. While passing Covington Mill Farm, which is close to the road, some of the servants jocularly said to him that he was a poor shot. He then levelled his rifle at them (it being loaded at the time), and fired. The servants ran into the house, when he drew his bayonet and ran into the kitchen after them. Three of the women were standing close together at the wall, and he darted at them; but by a dexterous move they escaped, and his bayonet stuck into a ladder. Being thus foiled, he again said he would shoot some of them, so he loaded his rifle, and they, thinking it was all a joke, made no attempt to escape. When loaded, he deliberately aimed his rifle at the breast of one of the women (the muzzle being only six inches from her), and fired; she wheeled round, and fortunately escaped with a flesh wound. Had she not stirred at that instant, she would have been shot through the heart. She is still under medical treatment. Her name is Jane Hastie, aged twenty-two. Wilson was apprehended by Police-constables Millar and Mackay. He is about twenty-six years of age, and has a wife and two children. After being examined before the Sheriff he was committed for trial.

THE PROVINCES.

FATAL EXPLOSION.—A terrific explosion occurred a few days ago at the Bolton Gasworks, by which three men were burnt and killed and several others severely injured. The destruction of property is reported to be very great. Some workmen were engaged in distilling gas tar in a large egg-ended boiler, which contained 2800 gallons of that liquid. The worm, which should have conveyed the spirit (crude naphtha) to the stills, got choked with naphthaline. The pressure of the boiler, which ought never to have been more than 5 lb. to the square inch, rapidly rose till the boiler burst. Three workmen, named Gillespie, Walsh, and Greenhalgh, were killed on the spot, and three others were injured. The burning gas tar was thrown over the yard, which presented a terrible scene of ruin.

BRUTAL MURDER AT MANCHESTER.—On Saturday evening last a brutal and wanton outrage was committed upon a shopkeeper, named John King, in Manchester, which caused his death. Three carters (Irishmen) had been drinking at a beerhouse in Liverpool-road, when a disagreement occurred between them and some sawyers who were drinking in the same house. The landlord attempted to restore order, but he and the waiters were violently assaulted. Ultimately, the carters went into the street half-drunk, in the direction of Deansgate. On their way they had several scuffles among themselves and with passers by. King, who kept a provision-shop in the neighbourhood, was passing the rioters quietly, being a gentle, inoffensive, elderly man, when one of them attacked him in the most wanton manner, and knocked him down. He and the others then jumped upon his body and kicked him as he lay upon the pavement with their heavy shoes. The unfortunate man died from the treatment he received soon afterwards. There is a police-station near the spot, and the assistance of a body of constables was obtained, who succeeded in capturing the murderers almost immediately.

THE FRENCH IN SENEGAL.

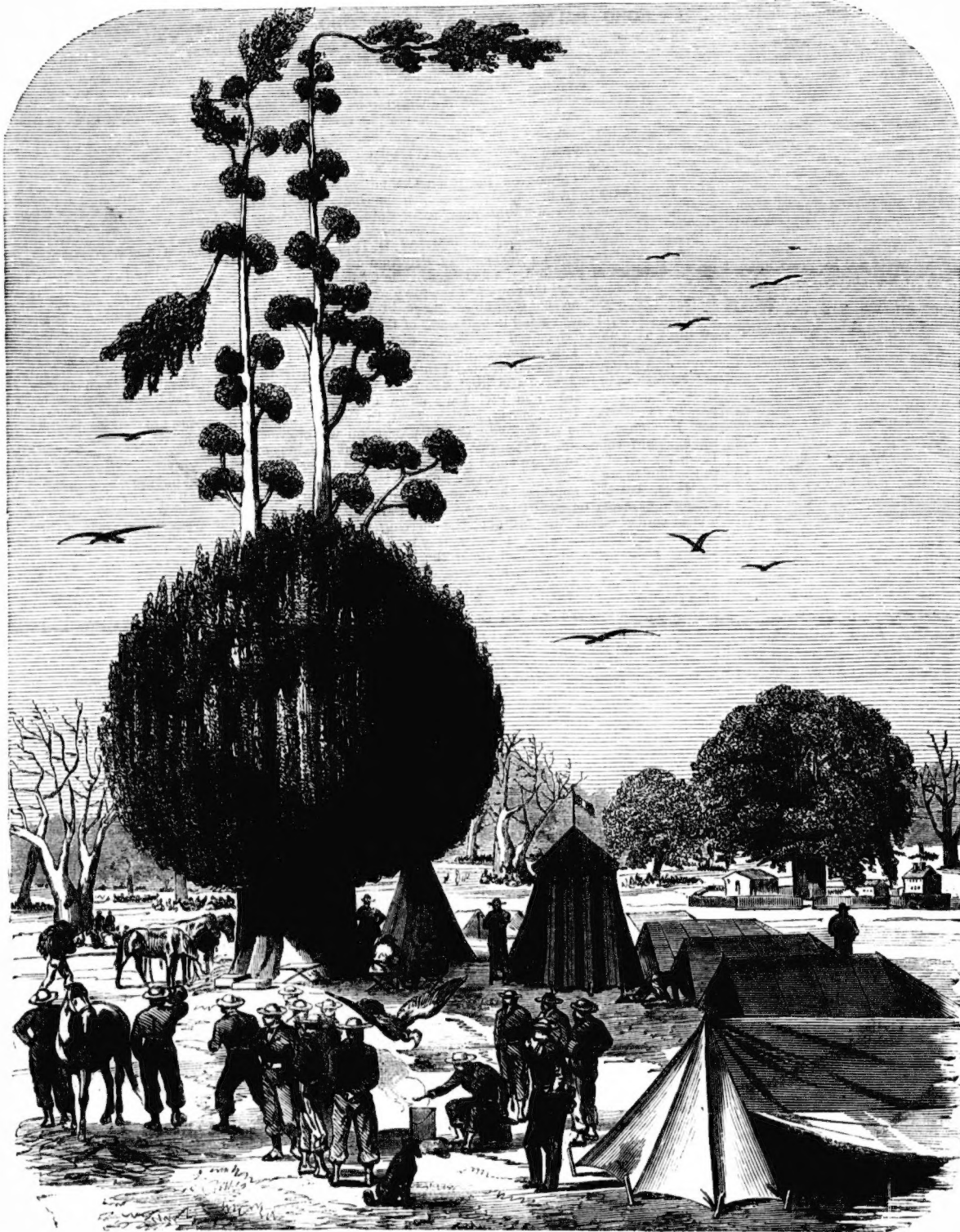
We have already in a former Number given some account of the French colony in the Island of Goree and their stations on the Senegal; and since that article was published in our pages a new post has been established, under the name of Thiès, at about twenty leagues distance from the island. This station is intended to command a wooded defile, which is constantly infested with the worst and most ferocious robbers; and it is believed that security may in future be maintained for the whole line of route pursued by the caravans coming from the interior to the commercial dépôts of Rufisque, Dakar, and Goree, by which they bring articles of merchandise to exchange. The brigands whose depredations it is intended to control belong to the negro family of Sereres, and principally to the tribe of the Diobass. These people, who have, it may be said, only been discovered in our own time, dwell in a savage condition in the wooded mountains which form, on the coast to the south of Goree, the Capes Rouge and Raze. Degraded by the grossest fetishism, these people clear here and there in the forest such small patches of land as are necessary for the erection of their huts and the casual culture of cotton or millet, and live in a state of complete isolation from the rest of the world. The hardiest, and in a certain sense the most intelligent, of them, however, have come to the conclusion that the development of commerce and the consequent traffic for merchandise which has been established on the route near their territory will afford an opportunity for them to better their worldly condition, and they have not been slow to avail themselves of the means of obtaining possession of the luxuries of civilisation by uniting into armed bands for the purpose of pillaging the caravans, and, if necessary, murdering those who have them in charge. Their audacity and skill increased with success, until, as a final exploit, they have contrived, by a well-executed surprise, to capture the blockhouse of Pont itself and to massacre its small garrison.

The construction of the new station and the opening of the road across the defile of Thiès was not, therefore, the only duty allotted to the expeditionary column; they had

also to destroy the villages whose inhabitants had taken part in this massacre.

The column, which was composed of some detachments of troops from the colony and several companies which had disembarked from the *Jura* and the *Archimède*, was about 600 strong, besides some 300 volunteers, who accompanied it from the newly-established provinces at Cayor. The little army crossed the defile without any engagement, their numbers, doubtless, striking terror into the enemy. On the two following days the volunteers were fully engaged in the transport of the materials already deposited at Pont, while the regular troops were busy cutting trenches and erecting the palisades for the foundation of the new post.

When the work was sufficiently advanced the detachment penetrated into the forest, where they were compelled to cut their way with hatchets through the deep undergrowth of thorns and jungle. Here they found themselves in the midst of the native encampment, but met with no serious resistance, except a few skirmishes between the volunteers and some of the Sereres who were skulking about in the thicket. At the village of Babakh, however, the volunteers were compelled to retreat; but, two companies of Senegal tirailleurs being sent to their assistance, the enemy at once evacuated the place and retreated to the woods, the volunteers charging them in the rear, and finally burning their huts. Although the expedition has happily been almost free from bloodshed, it has effected the object for which it was intended, by establishing comparative security on the frequented road from Vaol to Goree, and the salutary warning thus given to the native tribes will, doubtless, help to impress them with the necessity for respecting the efforts of the colonists to cultivate the land on the coast, a great part of which is now devoted to the cotton-fields, which are said to be in a most encouraging condition. Our Engraving represents a view of the new station at Thiès, which is now occupied by a garrison of fifty men, completely armed. The post may be said to be formed under the protection of a magnificent tree which overshadows the entire position. This, however, is not the extraordinary tree most prominent in our Illustration. The latter is a specimen of the native *boul*, the foliage of which is the favourite food of the camels, whose drivers daily



THE FRENCH IN SENEGAL: EXPEDITION AGAINST THE DIOBASS TRIBE.



A HURRICANE ON THE PLAINS OF ALFA, IN THE SAHARA

cut the shoots as provender for their beasts. This may probably be the cause of its attaining such a prodigious height, as in the instance before us, where, from a round, bushy tree of the ordinary size and shape, spring two enormous mast-like stems, ornamented with bouquets of leaves, the upper cluster waving at a height of more than 200 ft.

A HURRICANE IN THE PLAINS OF ALFA.

THE suppression of the insurrection in Algeria has been all the more difficult in consequence of the nature of the country occupied by the disaffected tribes, and the obstacles which are presented to the establishment of communications. Our Engraving represents an incident of a party travelling with despatches across a portion of the Sahara where the great plains covered with Alfa grass extend for miles like an American prairie. This Alfa grass, a long, dry, fibrous, reedlike plant, is difficult enough to travel through; but the frequent occurrence of sudden tempests resembling the simoons of the sandy deserts make it still more dangerous and harassing. During the first violence of these tremendous blasts it is difficult for either horse or man to keep their feet; and, as the great and apparently boundless desert is overcast with driving clouds, and the long alfa rolls and surges like a tossing sea, there is something appalling in a journey which has to be pursued the moment the blast is spent. Assuredly, none but the Arab of the desert could direct his course aright after such an interruption, and the traveller is compelled to trust implicitly to the good faith of his guides. So far from these plains being mere desert wastes, however, the progress of modern science, which teaches us to utilize

every natural product, has established a market for the fibrous material, which, by a comparatively new process, may be converted into a common description of paper. Under the name of esparto the alfa grass has been widely cultivated in Spain, and a large quantity has been exported to this country for the manufacture of the class of paper to which vegetable fibre is adapted.

The alfa, which grows without culture in the otherwise barren tracts of Algeria, exhibits the appearance of a coarse, strong grass, growing in tufts, with a cylindrical stalk like that of the rush. The plant, being perennial, does not die of itself; but the quantity and quality of the leaves are greatly improved by systematic gathering, while it is not unusual to discover on the same stem the shoots of three successive years. Till lately the demand for alfa was confined to the manufacture of "sparterie," or cordage (whence its Spanish name), and even now the cost of its manufacture into a low quality of paper renders it difficult of general adoption. In Spain, where the plant is used for making rope, cords, and carpets, the seed is left to become ripe before the grass is gathered, at which time the leaves begin to fade. The labourer holds in his left hand a stick about the size of an ordinary ruler. He seizes a bunch of alfa leaves with the right hand and twists it round the stick; at the same moment he pulls at the stick with the left hand and at the bunch of leaves which the right hand still grasps. The whole of the leaves separate from the stem at the articulation. The right hand places the bunch under the left arm, the hands remaining free till the labourer has gathered three or four bunches, according to his capability; and these, collected under the arm, make a *monada*, which is then tied together by the labourer or



THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY IN JUTLAND.



MOUNTED GENSDARMES.

LIEUTENANT-CORPORAL.

FOOT GENSDARMES.

NEW GENDARMERIE CORPS IN SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

by children engaged for that purpose. The bundles are ranged on the spot for about a week, or until they become dry.

In recording some of the interesting experiences of himself and M. Cruzel in Algeria, M. Jules Barse says the operations were undertaken with full authority over the labourers, and with full compensation for their work. "On the one hand, we have had Spaniards and Moors, who are considered the most expert at this business; on the other, the General commanding the province had granted us thirty Zouaves, under the control of sub-officers, with orders to make an official return of how much each man, determined to exert himself, could gather, both on first coming to the work and in the following weeks. We had, therefore, good-will, emulation, and inspection with us. The daily gathering of green alfalfa per man was, in summer, an average of 100 kilog. In drying, alfalfa loses 40 per cent." The labour of a man is, consequently, equal to 60 kilog. of dry alfalfa per day; and he computes that 100 kilog. of alfalfa delivered at Havre cost 14f. 38c.

A very large quantity of this material is now used in this country for making paper, although, of course, it forms but a small item when compared to the bulk of paper-making material. About 20,000 tons were imported, principally for the northern counties, during last year.

THE AUSTRIAN GENERAL-INSPECTOR IN JUTLAND.

OUR Engraving represents one of the officers whose duties are peculiarly provided for by the Austrian authorities during the presence of an army in the field. This officer, who is called the General-Waltige, occupies the position of a general inspector, with the rank either of captain or colonel, according to the size of the corps to which he is attached. His duties consist of a sort of police supervision, and it is a part of his province to look after spies, to inspect the roads by which baggage and commissariat trains are to pass, to keep a look-out for deserters or other offenders against military discipline, and, during an action, to occupy a position near the ambulance-waggons or the place to which the wounded are carried. He is generally accompanied by one or more aides-de-camp, who each carries a small red flag on the barrel of his musket, as a sign that he belongs to the executive. The duties of these men, as they ride hither and thither on their small fleet horses, are very important, and the General-Waltige is an officer of high consideration with the Austrian army.

THE NEW CORPS OF GENS D'ARMES AT SCHLESWIG.

AFTER continued representations of the German press as to the desirability of establishing a local military force at Schleswig, a civil force under military organisation has been formed there for the purpose of counteracting the efforts of the Danish part of the population to promote disaffection amongst the townspeople. It is represented, indeed, that the Danes are constantly endeavouring to institute a terrorism, which needs a strong hand for the protection of the German residents, and that the "black Hussars" of Denmark have, since the war, committed unheard-of depredations.

The new gens d'armes will, it is believed, prove more effectual in maintaining order than any regular force, and they have already received instructions to perform their duties as a complete local militia. The corps consists of a commanding officer, two district generals, three inferior and eight non-commissioned officers, a quartermaster, and eighty-seven men, and seems to be a revival of a similar force which, in 1859, comprised 200 men under two commanders, two first and two second lieutenants.

This little standing army is composed of soldierly-looking fellows, wearing a blue uniform with black facings, and red shoulder-knots and braid; the officers being distinguished by silver epaulettes and ornaments. The head-dress consists of a kepi, with a cock's-tail plume. The arms of the infantry are a short musket and bayonet; while the cavalry wear a long sabre and carry a revolver, presenting altogether a remarkably effective appearance.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1864.

"NULLUM TEMPUS."

IT is now nearly one hundred years ago that intense popular excitement was aroused in England by the presumption on the part of the Crown upon the old legal maxim, "Nullum tempus occurrat regi." The liberal translation of this is, that no lapse of time bars the rights of the Crown. In the year 1767, while political corruption was yet a recognised principle of Government—and while, as a natural consequence, the English people were turbulent and rebellious—the Duke of Grafton attempted to carry an election for Cumberland by ousting from the possession of lands in that county families who had held them for upwards of seventy years, and who were supposed to be in favour of the Duke of Portland rather than of Sir James Lowther, the Ministerial candidate. The pretext was that the lands belonged to the Crown, and that, under the maxim we have quoted, no lapse of time, no length of adverse possession, would bar the Royal claim.

That model monarch King James I. had previously attempted a similar venture, but had been foiled by Sir Edward Coke. Poor King George III. succeeded only in raising a hurricane of popular indignation, and was ultimately compelled to sign what is known as the Quietting Bill, whereby all claims of the Crown are to this day barred by a lapse of sixty years. Five years afterwards this matter formed the foundation of a taunt against the Duke of Grafton by "Junius," in, perhaps, the most bitter and vehement of all his letters.

It is somewhat strange that after a century we should still have to refer to this old maxim as applicable to proceedings of the present day. But in truth the legal saw has not been discarded, although tempered and modified by the Quietting Bill. The Statute of Limitations in Crown cases requires sixty years' instead of seven years' lapse, as in common-contract

transactions between civilians. And hereupon has arisen grave cause of complaint, in this wise.

There are, perhaps, few amongst our readers who have not, at one time or another, received a letter from Mr. Trevor, Controller of Legacy Duties, whose place of business is at the Inland Revenue Office, Somerset House. His communications are seldom pleasing. They do not generally contain even a mere demand of money, but exact a curious attention and labour in the making out of formal accounts as to the estate of deceased persons. Replies, if sent by post or under cover (Mr. Trevor generally is good enough to inform his involuntary correspondents), will either be unopened or cast aside unnoticed. The receiver of this intimation need not consider it at all impolite; it is only Mr. Trevor's way, and after a time one may get accustomed to it.

Somebody has sounded an alarm by writing to the *Times* complaining of great hardships and injustices perpetrated under cover of Mr. Trevor's name and by the office under his control. About a score of other complainants have followed in the same track. Executors who have imagined the legacy duties paid forty years since upon the estates of their testators have been suddenly called upon to produce their stamped certificates of payment, or, in default, to furnish full particulars and accounts of property long since distributed, and to pay up duties with interest. But, worse still, in some matters of even more recent date, personal representatives have had demanded of them duties which a glimpse, sometimes accidental, of the books at Somerset House has shown to have been paid years ago; while in other cases intended victims have been fortunately able to produce official receipts for the money claimed. Complaints of this kind, published day after day in the *Times*, assumed so much gravity of aspect that the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself addressed a letter to our contemporary. In this it was urged that Mr. Trevor was precluded by his position from defending himself (although he has since done so in one instance), and that the remedy of the aggrieved persons was an appeal to the Board of Inland Revenue, to the Treasury, or to the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself. To the latter portion of this defence (without speculating upon what might have been the probable result of such an appeal before the right hon. gentleman's letter) it need only be observed that such a mode of redress was in all probability as unknown to the public as the Chancellor evidently assumes it to be by giving the information. We are not ashamed to own that it is new to us, though we claim some experience in these matters. Certainly, it is not often that a Minister of State condescends to instruct barristers and solicitors (as the *Times* correspondents avow themselves) upon readily accessible legal remedies.

These gentlemen have stated their own hard experiences. We comment upon them without the slightest animus against Mr. Trevor, who, no doubt, is the meritorious official he is represented by Mr. Gladstone to be. We admit that many professional gentlemen, after a long practical experience of his department, may have met only with the greatest courtesy, attention, and assistance from him and his subordinates. That some of these latter, in the attempt to recommend themselves by superior vigilance and industry, have routed up old standing accounts, is just as probable as that others, by carelessness (for the system of the office renders a worse fault almost impossible), have neglected to enter payments exactly in the right places.

But it is the system that is to blame. It is our old enemy, *Nullum tempus*, after all. In former days, sixty years may have been a fair limitation to Crown dues, even upon residue duties, which, be it remembered, can seldom be assessed until a more or less considerable period after they have accrued. This is specially true, as Mr. Trevor has shown, in respect of the falling in of successive life interests. But we live now more rapidly than in the last century. We, who write this, happen to have overhauled the papers of a last-century lawyer, and found patents, charters, and deeds dating from the time of King John. Now, except in the case of title deeds, a modern solicitor will scarcely keep papers above ten years old. House-room is too valuable, and the Statute of Limitations protects him against ancient clients, though it does not protect them against the Crown. Then, accidents by fire, waste, poverty, bankruptcy, are all to be justly considered against the fairness of demanding payment of duties so many years after they may have been claimable. We must have another Quietting Bill, and utilize the sharpness of Mr. Trevor and his subordinates by compelling them to make their demands within eight or ten years at the utmost, if such demands are to be legally enforced.

THE MERSEY RAMS.—The El Tounson and El Monnassir, recently purchased by the Government from Messrs. Bravay, have been handed over to Messrs. Laird Brothers, of Birkenhead, the builders, by Captain Paynter, of her Majesty's ship *Majestic*, to be completed for sea. The vessels will be re-named respectively the *Scorpion* and the *Wyvern*. They are each to be armed with four 300-pounders, throwing a broadside of 1200 lb. The turrets are on Captain Cole's cupola principle. The *Scorpion* will probably be ready in a few weeks, providing the damage she has suffered from a winter's exposure, and when in an unfurnished state, is not found to be very serious.

MULE AND DONKEY SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.—The opening of the mule and donkey show took place on Monday morning, there being 125 entries in the catalogue. On the judges taking their places, the mules—foreign and English—were led into the arena to have their qualities tested, and the donkeys were afterwards introduced to undergo the same ordeal. During the donkey-testing much amusement was occasioned by some of the peculiarities exhibited by the animals; and the familiar shout of "Hi! hi!" "Hollo! hollo!" with the whip accompaniment, reminded the spectators of the equestrianism witnessed at Blackheath, Hampstead Heath, &c. The general condition and appearance of the animals was the subject of eulogistic remarks. An Egyptian donkey, belonging to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, gained the first prize (a silver cup). The animal was much admired, and some regret was experienced in consequence of its valuable trappings not having arrived. Sir H. Stracey's Spanish stallion donkey, and Mr. S. Gurney's Cordova, imported from Spain, proved exceedingly attractive. A great many other prizes were awarded, and this novel show was considered a complete success and likely to initiate a great improvement in the character, treatment, and condition of the class of animals exhibited.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, accompanied by the youthful members of the Royal family, will take her departure for Balmoral on the 28th or 29th inst. Her Majesty is expected to remain in Scotland until the end of October.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS quitted Paris on Tuesday evening for his own capital, where he safely arrived.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, accompanied by their infant son, Prince Albert Victor, left London on Wednesday evening, on their way to Abergeildie, where, as it is understood, they will remain for about six weeks.

PRINCE ALFRED's twentieth birthday occurred on Saturday last, and was celebrated at Windsor and elsewhere in the usual manner.

PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON and a distinguished French party are at present on a tour in Scotland.

PRINCE COUZA has granted a general amnesty to all political offenders in Roumania. Foreigners are included in the measure, but are, nevertheless, to leave the country immediately.

MR. JUSTICE WILLIAMS, who was taken ill when holding the Assizes at Exeter a few days ago, has slightly improved in health, though the learned Judge is still in a precarious condition.

A STATUE OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT was on Tuesday unveiled in the grounds of the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, near the Old Kent-road, in the presence of the Prince of Wales. The late Prince was for several years the patron of the asylum.

OYSTER-PONDS are about to be formed at Lymington, in Hants.

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT has given orders to close all the Polish libraries which exist in Lithuania.

NO FURTHER FIGHTING has taken place in New Zealand, the troops having gone into winter quarters.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET and some other members of the Board of Admiralty have paid a visit to Queenstown, Cork, for the purpose of making inquiries as to the propriety of constructing a Royal dockyard at that port.

THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND's yacht *Undine* was seized at Southampton a few days ago, on account of some smuggling transactions in which part of the crew had been engaged, but was immediately released.

PRIVATE H. COOPER, of the Coldstream Guards, who was accidentally shot on the 21st ult. at Wimbledon, died there on Tuesday at six o'clock.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL has now finally cancelled the Galway contract with the Royal Mail Packet Company, the affairs of which are being wound up.

A MONSTER CHEESE, six feet in diameter, and two feet and a half thick, has been manufactured in California for a Sanitary fair to be held in that region.

THE HOUSE OF COLONEL M'MURDO, Inspector of Volunteers, has been entirely destroyed by fire. The mansion contained a large and valuable collection of presentation swords, medals, firearms, and other articles, all of which are lost.

A SPECIFIC FOR HOOPING-COUGH has been discovered by the physicians of Paris. It is to inhale for a few minutes the vapours which rise from the lime used to purify gas.

THE HEAT has been intense on the Mediterranean, the thermometer having stood at 96 in the shade at Malta. The vines throughout the greater part of Portugal are represented to be suffering much from the extreme heat.

IMMENSE QUANTITIES OF PILCHARDS were captured off the Cornwall coast last week, as many as 250,000 being taken by the Mount's Bay fleet in one day.

MR. LAWDER, a rising Irish sculptor, has been selected by her Majesty to execute some of the figures on the Prince Consort Memorial. He is to have 3000 guineas for his commission.

LORD COURTENAY, Conservative, has been returned for the city of Exeter by a majority of twenty-six over Mr. Coleridge, Q.C., Liberal. The numbers polled were:—Courtney, 1096; Coleridge, 1070.

MR. BANTING, of anti-corporation fame, has given to the Middlesex County Convalescent Hospital the very handsome and stout donation of £500.

ALL persons embarking for the United States, except emigrants who intend to settle in the country, are required to provide themselves with passports, which must be indorsed on their arriving in the States.

A CARRIAGE CONTAINING TWO LADIES was precipitated over the precipice on Goat Island, Niagara Falls, on the 22nd ult., in consequence of the horses taking fright. Fortunately some trees or a shelf in the rock some thirty feet down broke their fall, and the ladies lodged in the branches. One was seriously and the other slightly injured.

AN ARAB INSURRECTION has broken out near Bagdad. The Turkish troops have been defeated in three engagements with the insurgents and have lost three guns.

A MARRIAGE is arranged to take place between Lady Victoria Scott, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and Lord Schomberg Kerr, brother of the Marquis of Lothian. A marriage is also about to take place between the Hon. George Henry Cadogan, eldest son of Viscount Chelsea, and Lady Beatrice Craven, fourth daughter of Earl and Countess Craven.

THE BRITISH TROOPS have now all been withdrawn from the pestilential swamps of Ashantee, and there is thus an end to the so-called war in that delightful country.

THE EFFECTS OF THE EXCESSIVE DROUGHT are being severely felt in Hungary, where, in some of the mountainous districts, the peasants are reduced to such misery as to be obliged to eat the leaves of trees and wild roots.

CAPTAIN JOHN MITCHELL, the eldest son of John Mitchell, the celebrated Irish agitator, who had recently been appointed by the Confederate Government to the command of Fort Sumter, was killed there on the 19th ult. by a Federal cannon-ball. This is the second son John Mitchell has lost in the Confederate service.

LORD CAREW'S HEALTH continues so delicate that his medical advisers have recommended that he should relinquish the cares of office for a time. The Marquis of Lansdowne and the Earl of Beaconsfield have both been talked of as the noble Earl's successor should he be unable to resume his duties in Ireland.

A REPORT ON CONVICT PRISONS, which has just made its appearance asserts that experience goes far to show that it is female influence, exerted in some way or another, and not, as is often supposed, intoxication, which is the main source of crime.

THE ANCIENT REPUBLIC OF CRESSONNIERES (Valley of Dappes), which has long existed without magistrates, army, or taxes, has just disappeared from the map of Europe. On Sunday week the French gendarmerie began to exercise their functions in the small district now definitively annexed to France.

A VISITOR at a much-frequented watering-place in Wales went to the post-office with an order for a few pounds, which was required for current expenses, and was not a little amazed when the postmaster expressed his regret that he was out of funds, but hoped to have some money next day! A similar reply was given to other holders of money orders. Who is to blame?

THE YACHT *OSPREY*, which formerly belonged to Lord Burghley, purchased for Garibaldi by the people of Liverpool, is to be at once dispatched to Caprera, so that the General may be enabled to benefit his delicate health by a little cruising. The required fund for the purchase of the yacht is not yet complete, but the committee have decided that no further delay shall take place in presenting the gift.

JOSEPH BUCHANAN, an engineer, residing in Skirving-street, Kirkdale, Liverpool, has just been committed for trial to the assizes on a charge of infringing the Foreign Enlistment Act, by procuring men for service on board the Confederate steamer *Rappahannock*, at present being fitted out at Calais. The magistrates, however, consented to admit Buchanan to bail, himself in £100 and two sureties in £25 each.

A SERIOUS FIRE was discovered on Tuesday night in St. Peter's Church, Southend, near Croydon. The fire was caused by the carelessness of some workmen who were engaged in the repair of the spire. Considerable damage was done before the flames were subdued, and the spire was totally destroyed.

AN EXPLOSION occurred on Friday week at the powder-works of Mr. Sharp, Chilworth, Guildford, damaging several houses in the neighbourhood and killing two of the workmen. A man who was standing on the edge of a lime quarry three miles away from the mill was nearly precipitated over the bank by the shock.

FIVE POLISH PATRIOTS, stated to be the chiefs of the different departments of the National Government, were hanged in Warsaw on Tuesday morning. Sentence of death had been passed upon eleven other officials of the National Government, but the sentence was commuted in some cases to hard labour and in others to imprisonment in a Siberian fortress.

MR. BARNES, M.P. for Bolton, has just presented a park to the local board for the "free and recreative enjoyment of the inhabitants of the district of Farnworth," near Bolton. The park, which is about eleven acres, is laid out, beautified, and ornamented at the expense of Mr. Barnes, and it is valued at between £12,000 and £13,000. The local board have to keep it in order and give every facility for the gratification of the community.

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT is reported from Bolton, at a manufactory in which gas-tar is used as a raw material. An immense boiler, containing 3000 gallons of this tar, by some choking of the pipes which should have run off the gas, exploded, scattering its scalding contents about. Three men in attendance were burned to death on the spot, and several others were severely injured.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE Mr. Coleridge who has been defeated at Exeter, because—good, honest, foolish man!—he would not pronounce decidedly against church rates, is a relation of the Coleridge, and, of course, some kin to Hartley Coleridge. Why was he so squeamish? I suppose he inherits the Church-and-State theory of his great kinsman; but he must give it up if he wishes to get into Parliament as a Liberal member. The Dissenters cannot of themselves elect many members; but, by abstaining from voting, they can defeat hundreds, and this negative power, I learn, they will use at the next general election; and Mr. Brand and Mr. Drake, his aide-de-camp, may as well at once consider this matter in time; otherwise they will find that the Liberal party, though strongest in the country, will be materially weakened in the House of Commons.

Lord Courtenay whom the free-and-independents of Exeter have returned is not the Lord Courtenay who was at the Poor-Law Board in the last Derby Government. He is now Earl Devon, and the M.P. for Exeter is his son—Edward Baldwin, Lord Courtenay, born in 1836. The Courtenay property is in Devonshire; Powderham Castle is their country seat, and, of course, they have some little influence at Exeter; but, apart from this, a Lord always has an advantage over a mere commoner. Coppock used to say that, *ceteris paribus*, a Lord was always a good card to play, and that a Radical Lord was all but invincible. The Courtenays at one time could always command a seat at Honiton, but the estate and lordship of the manor which gave them this power has passed out of their hands. Sir Francis Goldsmid has, I hear, lately bought this estate. Some say he means to leave Reading and to get himself returned for Honiton.

At last the weather has changed, the temperature is temperate, and London breathes again. No longer does my flesh seem to fry, and my bones to grill, as I tramp the shady side of Pall-mall. Pall-mall at a time of such thermometer elevation! It should be Palermo, or Spitzbergen, or Fingal's Cave, or any place where an amethyst sea flops lazily against a stony beach—where broadcloth, leather boots, and hot dinners are unknown—where the sea-breeze fans the mountains and the coloured natives fan the Europeans—where every palanquin is fitted up with a refrigerator, and even wives, children, and friends are kept in ice.

A friend of mine, who has passed some years in India, told me that he never suffered so much from the heat, even in the most arid regions, as he endured last week in London in the postal districts W. S.W. and N.W.

I beg pardon, humbly, for saying so much about the weather, but what else is there to talk about? London has left town, and domestic furniture, clad in brown holland, mourns for the absence of the family. There is nothing whatever doing; or, if anything, but little, and I send it with my warmest apologies, and *faute de mieux*.

Mr. Alfred Mellon has commenced his concerts at Covent Garden. Talking of music, Flotow is about to produce a new opera. It is to be called "Naiada"—delightful title for a summer season—and M. De St. Georges is to write the libretto.

There is a "Barclay" match going on at the Alhambra. One of the gentle sex is walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours. A thousand hours is more than forty-one days, and forty-one days is, as you know, nearly six weeks—one month and a half. Excuse all this arithmetical accuracy. It is necessary to express the full amount of my horror at any human creature, and that creature a woman, undergoing so terrible a penance, and that, too, in summer.

I do not know why the words arithmetical, and horror, and penance should put me in mind of the Anthropoglossos; but they do. The other day, passing down Piccadilly, I saw the once-famous Wizard of the North emerging from St. James's Hall. He had evidently been to call upon the Anthropoglossos. I wonder what he thought of it, and what the Anthropoglossos thought of him!

This is not exactly club news, unless the fact that I had just left one club and was on my way to another makes it so—*Mais que voulez vous?* In this dearth of news and scarcity of population it is something to catch a Wizard of the North at the West-end.

A new comic periodical, entitled the *Arrow*, has been started. Its appearance is precisely that of its penny precursors, from which it differs apparently only in being sold for sixpence, after the manner of the *Owl*. The best thing in it is a nursery parody, directed against *Punch*. By-the-way, it is somewhat singular that every rival which has jibed our friend *Punch* has invariably come to grief. The fatality is so well known by the free lances among the comic writers that it is a settled rule among them to leave the "facetious contemporary" alone. Perhaps I may now mention what was a profound secret at the time, that last year it was intended, on a special occasion, to break through this rule, and to publish a sheet, like Bunn's "Word with *Punch*," exclusively devoted to satirical effusions levelled at the Bride-court writers. It was to be published on a certain day in November, and to take its name from the hero of the anniversary. The matter was supplied, and cuts were engraved, but the plot fell through, like that of its namesake. If I mistake not, the nursery ballads in the *Arrow* were originally written for the *Guy Fawkes* of last year.

I have just heard of a graceful recognition of art by "Il Ré Galantuomo" which is well becoming in the King of Italy, the birthplace of art. A few years since Mr. Louis Desanges, an artist whose Victoria Cross Gallery has achieved for him a deserved reputation, painted an equestrian portrait of Victor Emmanuel for the Townhall of Nice, and his Majesty is so pleased with the picture that he has created the artist a Knight of the Cross of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus.

There was to be seen a few days ago in the window of Sams's Library a most deliciously funny little group in plaster—"L'Entente Cordiale." I am afraid it has been removed from the window now, but it is "on view within" still, no doubt, and should not be missed. It represents our respected but jaunty Premier arm-in-arm with the Emperor of the French. Both figures are admirably characteristic, and the likenesses, though not flattering, are remarkable. I never had the good fortune to see so unmistakable a portrait of Palmerston before. The odd part of it is that the artist has never seen the venerated nobleman in the flesh, so the resemblance is pure inspiration. At first I thought the group must be the work of Dantax (you remember his splendid quizes of the composers), but I understand it is by a young Frenchman (only twenty-three) resident at Rome. The next enthusiastic place that desires to erect a statue of the great Liberal Lord had better send the commission over to Rome, I fancy.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

ONCE upon a time, the public of a classic capital were immensely taken with a kind-of-a-sort-of Herr Von Joel, who gave Imitations of a Pig to crowded audiences, with daily encores. A cynical person (supposed to be jealous) came forward and volunteered imitations of the Imitations. He was ignominiously hissed off the stage. But on his way to the back he threw aside his cloak, and disclosed to the classical audience—the real live pig, from which the supposed imitation had proceeded.

It has been plausibly contended that the audience were probably, after all, in the right of it—that the pig was not a normal pig; that his squeak was not, in fact, as "natural" as the artificial squeak of the transcendent *artiste* who had made pig-utterance the study of his life. At all events, it is very difficult judging of "styles." It would be cruel to recall, in all its detail, a certain literary forgery of the spring of the year 1852, by which a living great poet was fearfully and wonderfully "sold." But who would have thought her Majesty the Queen had a "style," or wrote in the magazines? Yet it has been stated at London dinner-tables this season that that Lady is the authoress of "Margaret Denzil" in the *Cornhill*, and that the "copy" had been actually seen in the handwriting of Mr. Arthur Helps, with occasional touches from the Royal finger. For my part, I don't believe a word of it, as the man said when he had got through "Gulliver's Travels." The same story has been attributed, and that in well-informed circles, to Mr. Wilkie Collins and Miss Thackeray!

Why doesn't somebody write a book about literary hoaxes? At the close of a certain London season the VIVIAN of the *Leader* (whose real "individuality" is so well known that it need not be repeated here) announced that Mr. Albert Smith had shut up his Mont Blanc for a time in order that he might devote himself to his long-contemplated great work, "The Geology of the Glaciers." Now, when the publishing season began, there were numerous inquiries for Mr. Albert Smith's new scientific book: and there exist to this hour people who believe that only his premature decease prevented the completion of the treatise.

The well-informed and intelligent *Flâneur* of the *Morning Star* had last Monday the following paragraph:—"A writer on literature in an illustrated weekly paper insists that the 'Cornelius O'Dowd' of *Blackwood* is Sir E. B. Lytton. Not a good guess, surely. The individuality of Cornelius is plain enough to prevent all mistake, one might have thought. *Aut Diabolus aut Charles Lever*, I venture to say." Well; assuming—to be quite logical—assuming that the "writer" in question is myself, I must be so bold as to say that my critic is wrong. I not only did not "insist," I was careful to employ the impersonal mood, giving the equivalent for the phrase *on dit*; and, what is more, by the use of the word "calculated" I insinuated that my informant, or misinformant, had gone round a corner to his conclusion. So he had. The very plausible reasons, local and other, for thinking of Lever, had not escaped him; and the reasons against thinking of Bulwer-Lytton had not escaped me. But everybody who has read Bunn knows that hollow hearts can wear a mask, and why can't writers?

As for my criticisms, they would, of course, apply, *a multo fortiori*, to Mr. Lever. But I may add two remarks. Firstly, Mr. O'Dowd is a bad hand at keeping up the character of an Irishman, of which here is one proof out of many—"I know of no national practice so universal in England as advice-giving. It is a mania of our people, growing out of the combined result of Parliamentary government and immense national prosperity." Secondly, Mr. O'Dowd is, to speak truth (what Bulwer-Lytton is not) a very slovenly writer. The above sentences, for example, are disgraceful. You see we have "so universal" and "combined result." Again, I find "moral aid, which it is perfectly immaterial to any one whether he has it or not." Again, "Daniel O'Connell used to say that he was the best-abused man in Europe; had he only lived till now he would have seen that the practice (?) has been extended." Again, "Grattan combined within his character almost every attribute," &c. I cheerfully make my friend the *Flâneur* a present of the admission that these things are very much like the "style" of the gentleman who once wrote in a preface, unless my memory fails me more than it is accustomed to do, "I wrote as I felt, but always carefully, for, God help me! I can do no better."

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

On Monday last, after that excellent drama "The Flowers of the Forest," which, in consequence of its long services, will always, I presume, be retained in the ADELPHI repertoire, a new farce called "My Wife's Maid" was produced. The advice of an experienced farce-writer to a junior in the craft might be well expressed in a paraphrase, "Be funny, with probability if you can; but be funny." The author of "My Wife's Maid" has taken the full license usually permitted to last pieces; and although I do not mean to assert that the new piece is absolutely the reverse of comic—it is somewhat slow. The materials made use of are old, but that would have been of small consequence had they been more skillfully manipulated. Farces are funny stories told against time. As no fast train should stop twice at the same station, so, on the stage, there should be no repetition of the same situation or effect. Surprises should be really surprises, and the audience should not be prepared for them. Mr. Toole played the sentimental hero, Mr. Lysimachus Tootles, with his accustomed force and quaintness; and Miss Woolgar exhibited her usual pre-Raphaelite dramatic power as the romantic Barbara Perkins. It is hardly right that such an actress should appear in so slight and so extravagant a part. After such a performance as Lemuel in the drama, it is disagreeable to hear the same tones trying to make comic capital out of such mere mispronunciations as "Hagony!" "Ho! my!" and "Halphomere," old! Miss Woolgar's talents should be employed more worthily.

Of Messrs. Halliday and Brough's new extravaganza—"The Actor's Retreat"—I must write next week. I hear that it is of very peculiar construction, full of allusions to the Adelphi and what may be called local colouring. The Adelphi is up and doing, for the playbills announce a new burlesque by Mr. Byron. This last-named gentleman has been for some time at the seaside—possibly pen-and-ink-ubating the burlesque in question.

AMONG THE LAKES.

SOUTH of Preston, in Lancashire, I found the country everywhere suffering severely from drought. There is no grass, and the turnip crops are a failure. But north of Preston there was a change. The country began to look greener, and when I arrived in the Lake district I found that there had been no lack of rain. The hay harvest is scarcely over here, but in the cleared fields the grass is again luxuriant. The contrast between this district and the southern counties is wonderful. The fields in Surrey, when I left that county ten days ago, were dry and barren, and in some places literally dusty. Here the meadows and the margin of the roads and the lakes have grass upon them as high as my boot-tops. Indeed, the mountains, up to their very summits, are clothed in a beautiful mantle of green. There is more food for sheep on the top of Helvellyn than you have in any field within ten miles of London. We have somewhat too much rain here for tourists; but wet and stormy weather brings us advantages as well as inconveniences and discomforts. The rivers and becks are now roaring torrents; the waterfalls are furious; and the storm clouds, as, driven by the fierce wind, they sweep over the mountains and break up into the most fantastic shapes, are not the least beautiful of the many beauties which present themselves to travellers in this wonderful region wherever they turn. But, of course, you must be prepared to brave wind and rain. Fair-weather tourists who are afraid of getting wet should turn their faces away from the Lake district.

I never stop indoors for any weather. Well shod, cased in waterproof, capped by a broad-brimmed wideawake, with the brim turned down to shoot the rain well on to the shoulders, what need one care about the rain? Last week I was one of a party which mounted up a steep 1500 ft. to Kirkstone, the rain pouring down steadily the while as if it had not rained before for a month. On the top of this hill stands the highest inhabited house in England, and here we luncheoned with some half dozen more damp tourists whom we found sitting in their shirt sleeves before a huge fire, smoking and drinking whisky, whilst their coats were hanging on chair-backs to get drained. To dry them would have taken hours. These unwise mortals had not, you see, provided themselves with waterproofs. And mark the difference: they were wet to the skin; I, after slipping off my light waterproof, was dry as a bone. May everlasting blessings rest upon the head of the man who first discovered how to dissolve caoutchouc! "And what came of this toilsome and uncomfortable journey?" I think I hear you say. "You, of course, saw nothing?" Well, whilst going up we saw little or nothing more than the road under our feet. Now and then we got a peep through a rent in the clouds, at a mountain on one side and a ravine or pass on the other; but in a moment we were again enveloped in mist; and when we got up to the top we saw little or nothing more, except that room, the blazing fire, and the damp tourists aforesaid. There was glorious scenery all around us, but it was all blotted out by the envious clouds. The window of the room might have been ground glass for anything we could see through it. But we made ourselves very comfortable, and even merry; for, you see, the sharp air had given us sharp appetites; the landlady had capital bread in store for us, delicious butter, and right excellent whisky; and, having brought with us tobacco in store, we did not want Mark Tapley's philosophy to make us happy, and at length joyous.

But, if we did not see much in going up the steep, we were in

going down amply repaid for all our toil. We chose (albeit the still descended) a more circuitous route home. We went Troutbeck, and here is an incident of travel worth noting, called when about half way at a roadside inn entitled the Morta Man, which, by-the-by, is at Troutbeck. There used to be this verse on the sign of the Morta Man:—

Oh! Morta Man, that liv'st on bread,
How comes your nose to look so red?
Thou silly ass that looks so pale,
It is by drinking Birket's ale!

But whether this verse was a cause or a consequence—whether the verse suggested the name of the inn, or the inn the verse—I cannot say. It is a quaint place this Morta Man—200 years old at least; perhaps it was built in the days of the Commonwealth. There is certainly a Puritanic flavour in the name of it. The hostess, too, is very ancient, and what was more interesting to us, knew Wordsworth, Professor Wilson, De Quincy, and Hartley Coleridge. They had all of them used her house—Hartley Coleridge too often, no doubt. Of poor Hartley Coleridge she spoke kindly, and even lovingly, and seemed to wish to conceal rather than to dwell upon his faults. But in the ingle nook of the huge fireplace there sat a guest still more ancient than the landlady. He is seventy-nine years old, has lived all his life hereabouts, and knew all the Lake worthies well. Of Christopher North he told us an incident—new to us, and worth recording. I will give it in his own words. "I was, many years ago," said the ancient guest, "constable of the parish, and had to draw lots for local militia"—not the militia, readers, but the "local"; a body of men which few of you remember, but which I remember well, in their rusty red coats, white breeches, and long black gaiters. "I drew out the name of Wilson, and then there was a shout, for we all of us considered that a fine of £30 would be got out of Mr. W. In the evening I called upon him to tell him that he was drawn. 'You can get off,' said I, 'by paying £30.' 'Ah!' he replied, after thinking a little while, 'but I shall serve,' and he did serve. I have often seen him in the ranks. He took his loaf every day with the other men, but he always gave it away to the first poor woman he met; and when this came to be known the poor women used to watch for him. The officers invited him to mess with them; but he refused, because, as he said, it was not proper for a private to mess with officers." We sat some little time chatting with the old man; and then, having had some excellent tea, we left the quaint old Morta Man, and went our way rejoicing. And now the clouds lifted, and, breaking up, scudded away; and the glorious sun came out and lighted up a scene that you, dear southern reader, if you have not been in the Lake district, never saw nor imagined. Windermere in all its glory lay at our feet; tumultuous mountain ridges and peaks stood crowded beyond. Some still cloud-clapped, others clothed from base to top in a lovely mantle of green, which in a minute, as it caught the sun's slant rays, changed into a brilliant gold colour, and again into that lovely violet which all tourists in mountain districts know so well. And so our toil was well repaid.

A LOUNGER.

GOING NORTH.

Do the majority of our readers know that, at the very time of our going to press, we—that is to say, the public—are on the eve of one of the very greatest events of the season, an anniversary to which a number of our countrymen have been looking forward with anxious interest, and sternly despising the delights of a Continental tour or the milder pleasure of a sojourn at some fashionable watering-place? Can anybody who is not a sportsman realise in all its intensity the meaning of certain paragraphs which have appeared from time to time in the daily papers, mostly in some comparatively obscure corner, to the effect that—"Accounts from the *Moors* state that the young birds are strong upon the wing; well experienced sportsmen anticipate that the present season," &c.? Let anybody who would desire to know the full meaning of such stray announcements remember that the grouse, like a new actress or a promising singer, requires to be gently introduced by repeated paragraphs in all the newspapers, which become more distinct and more frequent just before the 12th of August: for the 12th of August is the commencement of the shooting season, and on the eve of that long-anticipated day every barrel is burnished; every shot belt and pouch and powder-flask looked to with anxious care; new boots are stretched, and old ones greased afresh; new shooting-coats of marvellous pattern tried on, or the capacious pockets of old ones mended; bags and knapsacks are packed; the flask which is companion to that which contains the powder is filled; and a struggling, panting, determined, and yet gleeful, crowd push their way into the railway-station at Edinburgh, on their way north, that the first blush of morning may find them tramping over the heather and blazing away at the birds, whose "shyness," "strength of wing," and number have been carefully noted for many weeks past.

In mentioning the preparations made by the eager sportsmen, the dogs have been omitted; but surely not because they play no important part on the occasion. Should you imagine that they are quiet, well-behaved animals, you would be right in the main; but then a railway-station is scarcely the place in which to exhibit canine docility, and they have a knack of winding their chains and leashes round the legs of unoffending passengers who cannot speak to them in a broad Scottish dialect; or, having come from fashionable society in London, of exhibiting a tendency to overthrow everybody of whose costume they disapprove.

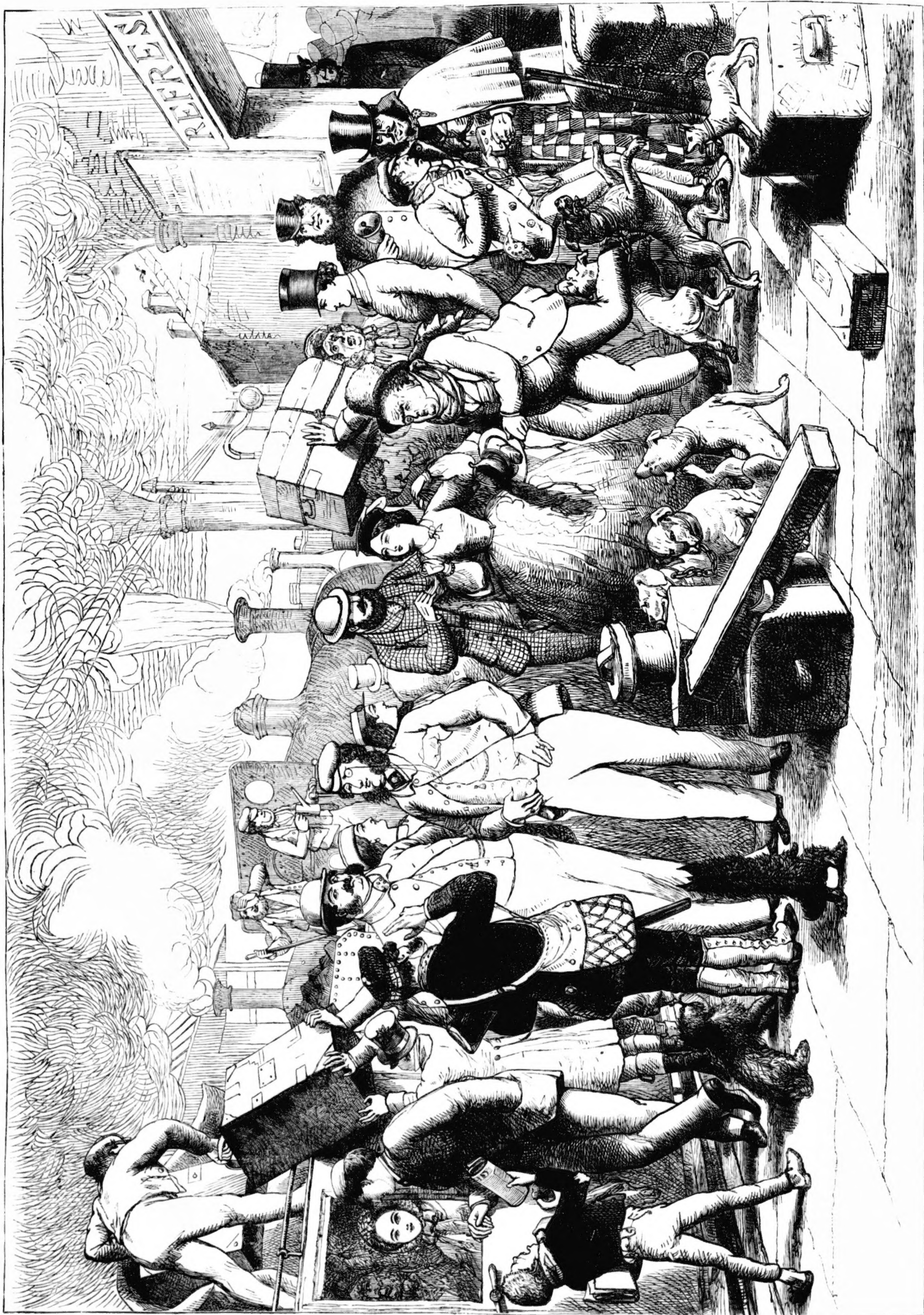
To the jostling crowd, which consists of tourists, amongst whom are ladies with unutterable amplitude of drapery and a constant foreboding that their luggage is left behind, and gentlemen ornamented with a perfect collection of leather and morocco cases, meant to hold everything from a toothpick to a double telescope; of kilted strangers with no drapery to speak of and not enough of broadcloth, and of womenfolk who are on a journey to their kin, and carry their possessions in baskets and bundles; of every kind and degree of sportsmen, from the canny old hand, whose brown double-barrel will fill the bags, and whose well-worn tweed suit and stout gaiters accord well with his iron-grey hair and easy bonnet; to the swell whose dainty gun-cases and intricate apparatus are but part of his state when he appears among the heather with the last accurate garment made by a West-end tailor, and lifts each shining boot with a regard to the accurate set of his knickerbockers; to this jostling crowd, the doggies are a source of inextricable confusion.

Does any fatuitous elderly gentleman, imagining that the train will not start yet, think that he has time to have a plate of soup? Let him beware; for, before he can sup a spoonful or two of the scalding delicacy, he will recognise the necessity of keeping one eye on his basin and another on the surrounding impedimenta, or he will run a chance of sudden and speedy overthrow, for there is no room for loungers or for lunchers, unless the former are lounging with a purpose, as the itinerant card-sharps do, or lunching from their own sandwich-case and whisky-flask.

Speaking of card-sharps, there are generally some of these gentry amongst the party at the station on the eve of the great grouse-shooting anniversary; but the Scotch police are sharp and wary, and even the tedium of a railway-journey may be better relieved than by such speculations as are introduced by these gentry. For the "noble sportsmen" who are bound to the moors are possessed by a keener stimulus than that effected by the tricky turn of a card, and it is for a better and more healthy amusement that they form part of that lively and excited crowd which is waiting to "go north."

AT A COCK-FIGHT AT WEXFORD the Ross cocks beat the Waterford cocks, and, by way of balancing matters, the owners of the Waterford cocks beat the owners of the Ross cocks. A strong body of policemen, "with fixed bayonets," at length put an end to the quarrel.

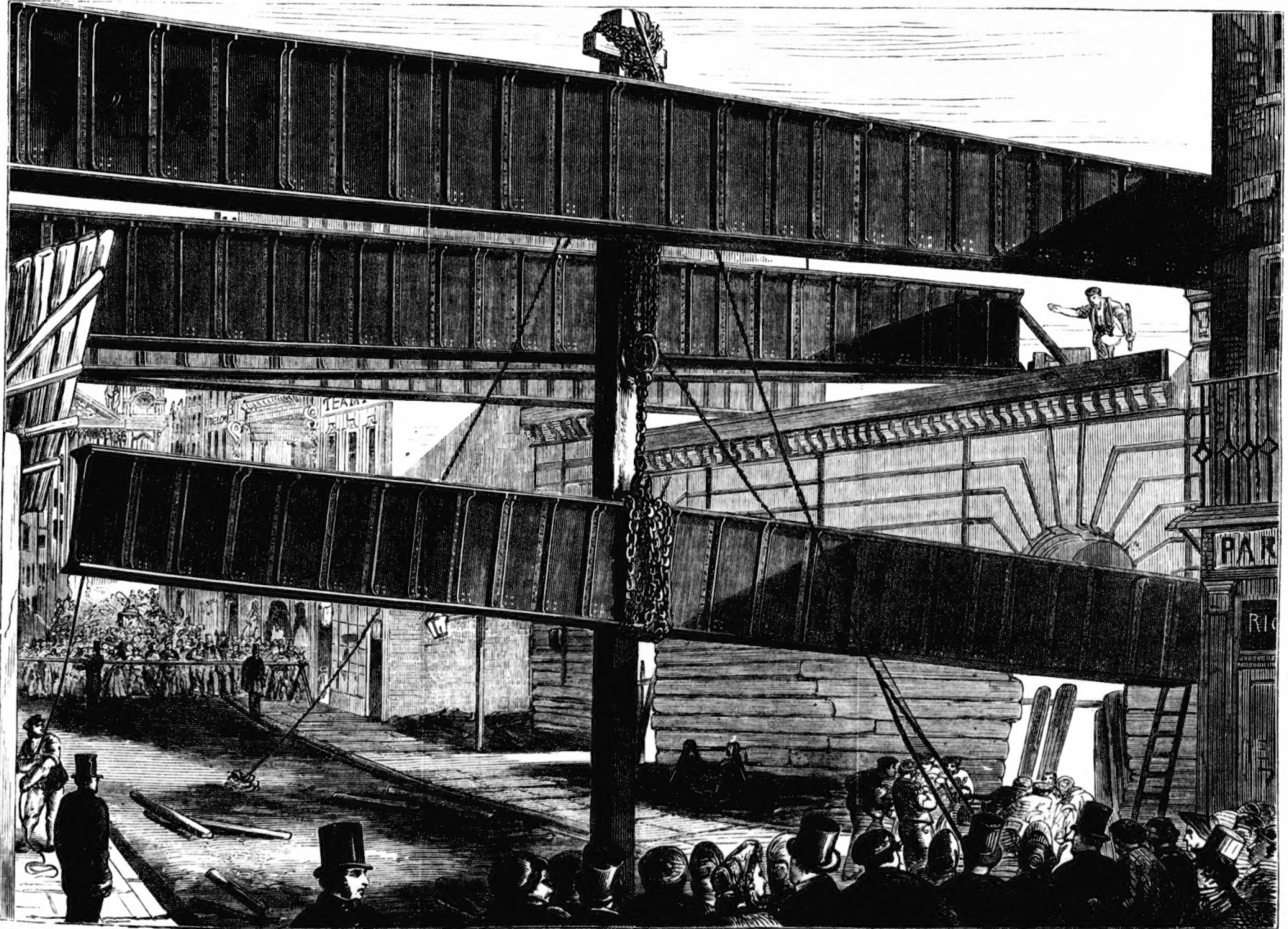
THE EMPEROR THEODORE OF ABYSSINIA, say certain French journals, having heard of the widowhood of Queen Victoria, made her an offer of his hand, and not getting an immediate reply, he put Mr. Cameron, the English Consul, in chains until he should obtain satisfaction. Of course the offer was declined.



THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST—GOING NORTH: ON THE PLATFORM OF THE EDINBURGH RAILWAY STATION.



LADY PALMERSTON CUTTING THE FIRST SOD OF THE TOWCESTER RAILWAY.



RAISING THE IRON GIRDERS FOR THE RAILWAY VIADUCT ACROSS LUDGATE-HILL.

LORD AND LADY PALMERSTON AT TOWCESTER.

On Wednesday, the 3rd inst., the ceremony of cutting the first sod of the East and West Junction Railway was performed in a field about a mile and a half from Towcester, by Lady Palmerston, who was accompanied by the noble Viscount, and attended by Sir C. Roney, the chairman of the company, the directors, and all the superior officers. A large and brilliant company of the nobility and gentry of the neighbouring counties was invited to be present, and the field in which the ceremony took place, as well as the adjacent town of Towcester, presented the most lively appearance.

The line will be one of great importance to the county, particularly in relation to the recent discoveries of iron ore. Lady Palmerston has estates in the county from which immense quantities of ironstone are annually excavated. The line commences at the Blisworth station of the London and North-Western Railway, and the company have running powers over the Banbury line to Towcester. At that place it branches off to Green's Norton, and proceeds, via Bradden, Blakesley, Farndon, Woodford, and Cross Ready, to Fenny Compton, where a junction is effected with the Oxford and Birmingham system of the Great Western Company. Thence the line proceeds, via Kington, to Stratford-on-Avon, where it joins the Great Western line, over which, by agreement, facilities are given in one direction to Worcester, Hereford, and South Wales, and in another direction to Gloucester, Bristol, and the west of England. The total length of railway to be made is thirty-two miles and a few chains, and the estimated cost £300,000. The steepest gradient is one in eighty, which can be considerably reduced without much additional expense. There will be no curve under half a mile, and only one viaduct. The length of double line to be constructed at once is rather over six miles; but the bridges will be constructed for a double line, and sufficient land has been taken for the construction of a double line throughout. The cuttings and embankments are of a trifling nature.

A special train, containing Lord and Lady Palmerston, Sir Cusack Roney, the directors of the company, and a large party of friends, started at twelve o'clock from the Euston station, London, and, after a pleasant ride of an hour and a half, the company alighted at the Blisworth station, where carriages were provided to convey them to the scene of action. After a drive of some five miles through a splendid country, the visitors entered Towcester, the whole population of which seemed to have turned out to do them honour. The shops were closed, a general holiday having been proclaimed, and nearly every house in the little agricultural town—which, if all be true that was said at the subsequent luncheon, will shortly become the seat of a large iron manufacture—was gaily decorated, the display of bunting, considering the size of the place, being really wonderful. At the entrance of the town was an elegant triumphal arch, composed of flowers and evergreens, on which was the inscription, "Welcome to Towcester." No less than six other triumphal arches had been erected in various parts of the town. Many flags and banners with inscriptions on them were displayed, the greeting, "Welcome to Lord and Lady Palmerston," being reproduced in a great many forms. There were also some which bore the mottoes, "Palmerston, the Friend of the People," "Success to the East and West Junction Railway," and various other inscriptions. As Lord and Lady Palmerston drove through the town, men, women, and children seemed to unite in giving them a cordial greeting. At Towcester the procession was met by the Towcester and Northamptonshire volunteers, who formed a guard of honour to the occupants of the principal carriages. The field in which the ceremony took place presented a brilliant and animated appearance. Numerous tents and refreshment booths were erected, flags were flying, music playing, men and women cheering, the volunteers parading, and the chairman and directors with their distinguished visitors marching up to the inclosed space amidst a perfect ovation. A space having been cleared and roped in, Lady Palmerston advanced to the centre, where, a silver spade having been handed to her, she gracefully lifted the first sod of the railway and placed it in an elegant silver-mounted wheelbarrow, and a volley of cheers announced the completion of the first part of the ceremony. Her Ladyship then proceeded to wheel the barrow to the end of the plank and turn it neatly over, thus completing the second part of the ceremony. Three hearty cheers having been given for Lady Palmerston, her Ladyship stepped forward and said:—

"Sir Cusack Roney, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—I thank you for the kind and flattering manner in which you have received me to-day, and I trust that this work in which we are engaged will prosper, and that it will be useful and for the advantage of Northamptonshire, of the neighbourhood, and of the whole country."

Three cheers were then given for Lord Palmerston, in acknowledgement of which the noble Viscount said:—

"I beg to return you my best thanks for the kind manner in which you have received me. I can assure you it affords Lady Palmerston and myself great pleasure to be present at the commencement of this work, which we trust will be of great advantage to the county. I am glad, also, that her Ladyship has consented to preside at this ceremony, because it is good in a social point of view to show that ladies in high life can sometimes take to digging the soil, and it shows also the regard which we all have for agriculture. I hope that the crop which this digging will produce will be more permanent and richer than the crops which in a bad season we sometimes get in this county. In one word, I trust that the undertaking will prove successful, and I thank you for the cordial manner in which you have received Lady Palmerston and myself."

The spade bore the following inscription:—"The first sod of this railway was turned by Viscountess Palmerston, at Towcester, in Northamptonshire, on the 3rd of August, 1864. J. B. Burke, engineer. The spade and barrow were presented by T. R. Crampton."

On the conclusion of the ceremony the company adjourned to an elegant marquee, erected on the grounds, where they partook of a substantial and well-served luncheon, provided by the directors of the new railway.

THE RAILWAY VIADUCT OVER LUDGATE-HILL.

The works by which the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway is to be extended into the City are making rapid progress. Ten days ago the last girder of the iron bridge which is to carry the line over the Thames at Blackfriars was raised to its place, as have also those which are to form the viaduct over Ludgate-hill. Still further, in a northerly direction, towards Finsbury, the works are being pushed on as fast as possible. The open piece of ground on which stood the Fleet Prison has been largely increased in area by the pulling down of houses in its proximity. Massive brickwork has already sprung up here, and before many weeks or even days shall pass arches will have been turned. It is, however, with the works reaching as far as Ludgate-hill, and no farther, that we are chiefly concerned just now. All the energies of the directors and of their staff are expended in the effort to complete the line across the river by the first day of October, and to open the St. Paul's station, as it is to be called in compliment to the cathedral, the view of which is somewhat impeded by the bridge across Ludgate-hill. Compensation for this undoubted injury may be found in the opening of a new prospect, from a stand-point at the south-east corner of the Thames viaduct. Here the noblest picture of the City, with St. Paul's in the midst, is presented; and until the elevation was obtained by the new platform of masonry and brickwork on which the first span of the iron bridge rests this view was impossible.

The Ludgate-hill viaduct will be composed of five principal girders, each of which weighs from fifteen to twenty tons; while the total weight of metal in the bridge will probably be about 250 tons. In addition to the five girders there will be two extra lattice ones, which will form the footways. The heavy appearance of the bridge will be relieved by these extra girders being made ornamental with brackets and medallions. The latter will be eight in number, and will bear alternately the City arms and those of the railway company. The parapets will be of cast iron. The abutments, which have been completed for some time, are built of Portland stone. They contain staircases, by which persons may proceed from the pavement to the station, which is to be built on the south side. By means of either staircase passengers may pass by way of the bridge to the companion staircases; at the opposite

abutment, and thus avoid the inconvenience of crossing Ludgate-hill itself when crowded with vehicles. The bridge, which will carry four lines of rails, will be 18 ft. above the level of the street. The tackle used to hoist the girders is $\frac{3}{4}$ in. chain, a 14 in. derrick, and chain guys, which form a lifting power of 40 tons, more than twice the weight of the girders. These immense masses of iron were brought to the ground on one of the Great Northern Railway trucks, and it took about four hours to lift each on to the abutments. The bridge will be put together and ready for traffic in about five weeks, though the ornamentation will not be finished for three or four months. The details will take some time, and it is not intended to complete them until the adjoining station is ready for passengers. In the decoration the ground will be bronze, while the lattice-work, heraldry, medallions, and foliage will be picked out in suitable colours, so as to give the fabric an artistic and light appearance as its very utilitarian character will admit of.

FINE ARTS.

MR. HAMERTON'S PICTURES.

Nobody who has read that remarkable and interesting book, "A Painter's Camp in the Highlands," will omit a visit to this collection of pictures by its author. As might be expected, they show the influence which Mr. Ruskin has had over his admirer; but they show something better than that—a strong and independent individuality. In their conception and carrying out, in their technicalities—nay, in the very catalogue and the notices on the walls of the gallery and in its arrangements—there is something which gives the absent artist a distinct present personality. Somehow we, who go to criticise painting, find ourselves conjecturing what sort of a man Mr. Hamerton is, and thinking what a pleasant companion he would be at any exhibition—how especially interesting at his own. He buttonholes us in so friendly and enthusiastic a manner in his catalogue that we feel ourselves conversing with an ardent lover of his art, possessed of vigour and originality.

The oil paintings, especially the earlier ones, display amid honest study and patient labour a crudeness—a failing of the hand to follow the head—which, we think, arguing from the progress he has already made, Mr. Hamerton will in time conquer, and be then enabled to come before the world with a better case. But even now, where he fails it is rather in the honourable attempt to achieve too much than in the ignoble facility of being contented with a little.

In his picture of Ben Cruachan, although he has failed to satisfy himself in establishing the relations of mountain and lake, he gives us a noble realisation of their grandeur, and impresses us deeply with a sense of truthfulness, despite the peculiarities of local colouring. Apropos of the peculiarly reflective nature of the dark peaty water, on which he enlarges in his catalogue, has it not occurred to him that the vividness with which colour is imaged therein, owing to the darkness of the backing of the mirror, is only Nature's rendering of Pepper's ghost? The chief fault to be found here, as in some other pictures of his early period, lies in the hardness of outline and too great solidity of his clouds. The smooth, glassy surface of the lake where it nestles under the lee of the islands, and the broken, rippled expanse of unprotected water, is cleverly done; but the execution would not bear comparison with the rendering of similar effects in Brett's "Massa," in the late Royal Academy Exhibition.

In "The Gamekeeper's Hut" the distance, with ridge after ridge of gently-rising mountain, half enveloped in mist, is reproduced in the most masterly manner. But in parts, in the foreground especially and its clump of trees, there is the effect of more brightness than is consistent with so feeble a sun. Mr. Hamerton, in trying to give light, has given sunshine. But the fault is but a slight one after all when we consider that the artist was engaged for months in trying to place on canvas a transient effect which he had only seen once. With regard to the colour of the water too, taking into consideration the truth that it "does not reflect the pale greenish sky near the horizon, but the dark intensity of the zenith," we would ask him whether on such a dim dawn there would be even at the zenith enough intensity to lend such a colour to the lake? Has he not, in the delight of finding out a not generally recognised truth, fallen into the error which Browning tells us befalls Stokes and Nokes.

"Put blue into their line?"

"Returning Home at Night" over the long rollers of a loch on which the glory of the sunset still lingers is a most poetical picture. Though he has sometimes failed to paint what he saw, it is very plain Mr. Hamerton is striving to record what he has seen. The sky is admirably painted, the water less satisfying, although its slow heave is well suggested; and so is the "way on the boat," which, with its belying sail, stands out very forcibly. The "Black Isles" is unfinished in appearance here and there; but the dim, smooth, face of the water is thoroughly true, and the island a charming passage. The clouds are clever studies of form, but are too hard and coldly white; but we must overlook that, we suppose, in consideration of the courageous attempt to reproduce so difficult a sky.

In the views of Sens and the Yonne we can see a marked advance in handling and power. The blue ribbon of river wandering through them, with its reflections now clear and sharp cut, now indistinct and half-defined, is miraculously painted. In the latter picture the varied colours of the fields in the long level stretching to the horizon are nature itself. One hill to our right, we must confess, appears a little over-done in brightness, and reminds us too much of a patchwork counterpane. The drop of the hillside in front, with its tall, meagre poplars, is absolutely real.

In the view of Sens there is some good painting of clouds, where texture is happy as well as form; but they somehow protrude in a curious way from beyond the hills towards the spectator. Mr. Hamerton is so conscientious that we can only suppose he has seen something like what he attempts to convey to us; but the appearance must have been so exceptional that it was hardly fair to paint it.

A group of small sketches in brown and white (oils) will probably be the most pleasing to the general public, and will be no less appreciated by the critical few. "A Lancashire Stream in Winter" is beyond praise; and there is considerable merit in "Dover Cliffs" and "Haddon Hall."

The pen-and-ink drawings disappoint us. They seem hardly by the same hand. They are constrained and stiff, with more than a suspicion of the ruler in them and a great lack of relief. The work in the foliage is like young ladies' drawing at school.

There is much which is original—even eccentric—in this collection, and which will be apt to puzzle ordinary people; but there can be discerned in them also by anyone the artist's love of nature—his earnest study and patient reaching after truth—a thoroughly poetic mind absorbing the beauty of creation and striving to reproduce it, and with these much technical skill and a happy eye for colour.

We shall hope to see some day the wide recognition of an artist of such undoubted powers as Mr. Hamerton, if only for the boldness with which he has struck out and pursued a path of his own.

"THE GREAT BED OF WARE."—An old carved bedstead, famous for its large size even in the days of Shakespeare, is to be sold on the 30th inst. by Messrs. Jackson and Son, auctioneers, at Hertford. It is said to be in very good preservation. The posts, representing urns, are of elaborate workmanship, and the back of the bedstead is also finely carved. On the tester there is carved work of red and white roses, which are believed to represent the union of the houses of York and Lancaster. The date upon the wood is 1463. Shakespeare's allusion to the bed occurs in "Twelfth Night," act 3th, scene 2. Sir Toby Belch there says, "Go write it in a martial hand; be curt and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention; if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the Bed of Ware in England, set 'em down." The great bedstead was formerly an article of furniture in the mansion-house at Ware Park. At the date, however, of the publication of Chauncy's "Historical Antiquities of Hertfordshire" it had been removed to an inn at Ware, where it was visited by many citizens of London, and it has remained there ever since.

Literature.

Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini. Vol. 1. Autobiographical and Political. Smith, Elder, and Co.

This is a handsomely printed, handsomely bound volume, with a very good photographic likeness of Mazzini, and it appears most opportunely; but, for all that, there is plenty to regret in connection with it. In the first place, it is too dear, considering the large public to which anything about Mazzini really does address itself, whatever the party of order (celebrated in Warsaw and elsewhere) may choose to pretend. In the next place, it is with deep regret that we find a book of political narrative going back as far as 1821, and full of references (to past events) which cannot be familiar to young readers of to-day, or to readers as old as Mr. Stansfeld, published without an index, or without (what may be even better, though the plan is rather expensive) marginal notes, with dates and short summaries. Our regret is all the deeper that this autobiography is avowedly and determinedly impersonal, as far as it can be made so consistently with historic ends. The result being a certain moonlight coldness of tone, in the midst of which the general reader misses many of such landmarks of "interest" as often help to fix dates and other "dry" matters in the mind. We quite understand and heartily honour the noble reticences of Signor Mazzini; but the effect, coupled with the lack of index, or marginalia, is precisely what we say. When the story is carried farther, in another volume or two, we may, perhaps, find it possible, and likely to be interesting to our readers, to give a synopsis of the career of Signor Mazzini, from "the Sunday in April, 1821," upon which his mind was impregnated with the idea which has ruled his life down to the latest point to which he himself may bring it. But the effect of a life is so much a thing of light and shade, so greatly dependent upon contrast, comparison, and juxtaposition of parts which may be remote in point of time, that we do not feel at all sure a memoir of a career of action like that of Mazzini can be abstracted to any readable purpose in these casual columns; while we do feel sure that the publication of this history in fragments (after the Continental fashion) is a mistake.

"Poor Mazz!"—said to us once a man who knew him well—"he says this work has devolved upon him by the will of God; but, if he could have chosen his vocation, it would have been that of a religious teacher." Whether Mazzini has ever said this *nettement* or not, it has certainly a solid basis of truth. To the Continental detective Mazzini is a person to be caught; to John Plugson a pestilent conspirator, with a secret despatch in the lining of his hat, and a dagger in his side-pocket; to the man of letters he is, perhaps, the most formidable opponent of Benthamism, and the most heroic writer on morals since Fichte. Probably there never was, from the beginning of the world until now, a career of more entire self-abnegation than that of the wonderful conspirator to whom Garibaldi (as he said at M. Herzen's) went for teaching and consolation when he was hungering and thirsting for guidance in the Noble Life. "Indifferent," says this utterly exceptional man, "indifferent, from the inborn tendency of my mind, to that empty clamour which men call fame, and despising, from natural pride and a quiet conscience, the many calumnies which have darkened my path through life; convinced, even unto faith, that the duty of our earthly existence is to forget self in the aim prescribed to us by our individual faculties and the necessities of the times"—Why, what can be done with such a man? One thing, and one thing only—to victimise him! He stands as much chance of being understood by John Plugson as Uriel, from the sun, would stand of pleasing the electors for Puddleton. He is an embodied insult to that enlightened majority which, as Mr. Lewis so gaily puts it, habitually punishes good people for their goodness and then makes it even by rewarding the bad for their badness. It is true, the English people—infinity to their credit and to the revival of the hopes of freedom all over the world—have turned out handsomely in honour of Garibaldi; but even that has been turned into a Kettle of Fish by the baseness of one lot, the stupidity of another, and the conceit of a third; and it is yet to be settled whether the condescension of this noblest and dearest will not end badly for him. Call no man happy till you can say *vixit*. The world has grown very unlike the world it always was if it does not somehow manage to botch, bungle, sully, degrade, make a miserable mischievous mess of Garibaldi's relations with itself. The world has many ways of extinguishing prophets and heroes—stoning, hanging, severely letting alone, and so on. But there is another way—Let the enlightened cad catch his hero at some time of inaction, and entice him into free relations. He will find the hero frank, simple, liberal as the sun and rain which fall alike on the evil and on the good. The cad will also find the hero willing to make pledges, without exacting any in return, and so overflowing grateful (in the simplicity of his heart) that daws will have plenty to peck at (and *won't* they peck!) Finally, the hero will be apt to keep silence—rather bearing blame himself than speaking words which may compromise others. This will finish his business for him. The tag-rag-and-bobtail inwardly resent silence as a crime; they will send deputations to "tear the secret from his heart;" the newspapers will be full of contradictory reports of what he did say and what he didn't say; and in a few months the hero's name will be so fly-blown by the middle-and-muddle of the enlightened cad that it will seem a more respectable thing to be a hanging autocrat in his secrecy than a saviour of nations in his publicity.

This danger Mazzini has hitherto escaped. He has, however, incurred others. It is impossible for a man to lead a life like his without finding himself connected, at different times, with people who are one with him in the end for which they live, but diverse in their estimate of methods. Repudiating the dagger himself—except as the last resort of desperate self-defence—he may find himself on terms of more or less intimacy with men who, though on the whole noble, may be tempted at some time in their lives to rely, unworthily, upon the knife. Let us suppose he knew, two or three years ago, a man named Greco merely as a courageous, self-sacrificing friend of Italian freedom. Suddenly Greco turns up with a dagger in his hand, under conditions which Mazzini may not approve. Now, what shall Mazzini do? The enlightened cad denounces him and Greco together. Mazzini says openly, "Yes; I have known Greco for an ardent patriot." But this is an unintelligible stretch of generosity. Why doesn't he leave Greco to his fate, and say he won't "sanction" such conduct? Ah! why? Because, Sir, because he is not a flabby-minded, stupid coward. In plain truth, no man has a greater horror of bloodshed than Mazzini—no woman with a sucking babe. All through his life, he has shown his hatred of the dagger. Where he has been able to withdraw from members of "the party of action," who have cherished the dagger as an instrument; where he has been able to do so, without sacrificing the greater to the less, he has done it. But, even if his career had been one of crime, the crime was sufficiently expiated by his having to listen to the hypocritical cant which was talked a few months back. The world which showers (well-deserved) wealth and honour upon a Wellington, does not take count of thousands slaughtered by military "assassinations," by surprises, by treacheries of warfare; but if a man like Mazzini does not publicly disown some wretched, trapped "conspirator," who is working for the same end as himself, however mistakenly, why, then, he is an "assassin." It is enough to make one sick!

We shall give only one short extract from the book before us. It relates to one

AMBROGIO GIACOPPELLO.

We were also assisted in our smuggling by French Republicans, and above all by the sailors of the Italian merchant navy, who were as good then as they are now, and towards whom much of our educational activity had been directed. Foremost among the best of these were the men of Lerici; and I remember one of them still with admiration and affection—a certain Ambrogio Giacopello, an excellent type of the Italian *popolino*, who lost his ship and all he possessed through carrying 200 muskets to the Ligurian coast

for us, and who, nevertheless, remained a true and devoted friend to me. I believe he is still living in Marseilles, and I could wish these lines might meet his eye. I am sure he would be glad to know himself so remembered by me. But I have never met with either ingratitude or forgetfulness among the men of the people in Italy.

Of course we reproduce this passage of grateful remembrance in order to give it one more chance, however remote, of meeting the eye of the good Ambrogio.

We earnestly hope, though with many doubts, that this volume may obtain a large circulation. At all events, a person here and there who can afford it may buy a copy and give readings out of it to assembled friends who cannot. As to Mazzini himself, he would (rightly) disdain praise except as an expression of sympathy. Long after he has mouldered into dust—very long afterwards—and not till then, justice will be done him. To the young, and still more to those who are just overpassing the boundary-line of youth, we would venture to suggest the lesson of this man's life in the words of the Laureate's Wellington Ode. If they should not succeed in getting the "glory," they will find the poet promises them something else, after they shall have scaled certain "toppling crags" of which he speaks:—

The path of duty is the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outbredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

If anybody thinks this a poor look-out, we can only end with the words of Mr. Affable Hawk to his daughter, "Sorry I can't do better for you, my dear!"

Guy Waterman. A Novel. By JOHN SAUNDERS. 3 vols. Tinsley Brothers.

Mr. Saunders has recently been successful in some three or four novels—"Abel Drake's Wife," and others. Previously he had been unsuccessful in the regions of poetry—in "Love's Martyrdom," a drama which had taken him, he says, many years to write. This has so often been the lot of genius, and should be so well understood by genius, that we almost doubt the genius of him who expects success. And so, when Mr. Saunders, in his preface, says to the public, "You would not have my poetry, which was good, because you prefer exciting stories which are bad, and, therefore, here is an exciting story for you," we are inclined to believe in the logic of circumstances, and fancy Mr. Saunders to be a better novelist than poet. At all events, he confesses to success on one side, to failure on the other. There is no older story than this. People will miss their vocation—just to make money and reputation; and all that which makes them rich and celebrated they persistently declare to be their avocation. Mr. Keeley is well known to consider Hamlet his forte; and Mr. Bellamy, a born actor, gives his intellect to the Church. It is only one man or two in an age who is able to carry out his bent.

Mr. Saunders, at all events, is an exceedingly good novelist. Every page of "Guy Waterman" will be read with strong interest. So far he will satisfy his thousands; but the means by which he satisfies them may be questioned. In brief, the whole story is based upon a long series of possibilities, any one or two of which might have been accepted, but which, when taken all together, become an absolute impossibility. A lady wishes to leave her husband because she is a Roman Catholic and he is a Protestant, and she wishes her son, then a month old, to be brought up in her own faith. But she consents to leave the child at home. However, she has the child stolen by a nurse, who happens to have a month's boy also, and they all escape and embark for America. Then the vessel is becalmed for a week in St. George's Channel, and they are pursued and caught by the husband's solicitor. At this point, however, the nurse's child has died suddenly, and the captain is preparing to read the funeral service. The women exchange children, and the dead body is taken home and buried in state. Then another ship comes in sight, despite the calm, and the mother, relenting, sends her real live child and the nurse home again. Then a violent storm arises. The boat in which the nurse and child are proceeding to the ship is wrecked, but they are saved, whilst every one of the seamen are drowned. The nurse then sees the other ship, with the lady on board, go to pieces; in that case, captain, crew, and passenger, all going to the bottom. Finally, the nurse goes home, claims the child as her own—nobody suspecting the difference, not even the father—and the heir to an enormous estate is brought up as a carpenter's son, but yet is somehow thrown into intimate connection with his real father's household. Strangely enough, after all this, the nurse takes care to preserve the only evidence of the truth. Of course it is ultimately discovered, and all comes right; but the means by which this is managed cannot be explained here. After once getting over this impossible prologue, the story goes on well. The character of Susannah Beck is very powerfully drawn, and generally the people are interesting and human. The melodramatic element is perhaps overdone; but the story was written for a newspaper, and well answers its purpose. The interest and excitement of the concluding chapters are remarkable; it is all perfectly natural and perfectly vivid, but horrible in the extreme. The book must be warmly recommended to novel readers; and Mr. Saunders must be recommended to adopt a broader and less minute style. If he wanted to mention the sealing of a letter—which he would be sure to mention, although that a letter should be fastened might be inferred—he would describe how So-and-So proceeded to the desk, took the key from the pocket, opened the desk, took the taper and lighted it by striking a lucifer-match, took the sealing-wax—and so forth. Really, life is not long enough for such literature. Here are the fortunes of the changeling spun out into exactly one thousand closely-printed pages.

The English Poets. Edited by ROBERT BELL. *Shakespeare's Poems.* Ben Jonson's Poems. Cowper's Poems. Vol. I. Charles Griffin and Co.

This edition of the English poets has changed hands, from the retired firm of Messrs. Parker to that of Messrs. Griffin. The series is so well known that, critically, no mention of it can be necessary. But it may be as well to remind the reader that the volumes are beautifully and plainly printed on good paper—that Mr. Bell is an industrious and careful editor—and that the volumes may now be had at a reduced price—namely, one shilling each in a paper cover, or for a sixpence extra in handsome scarlet cloth. These volumes are of a good portable size, and we should not think much of the man who would not feel his country rattle improved by having a shillingworth of Rare Ben Jonson in his pocket.

Old Bones; or, Notes for Young Naturalists, &c. By the Rev. W. S. SYMONDS, F.G.S. Second Edition. Hardwicke.

The Earth's Crust: A Handy Outline of Geology. By DAVID PAGE, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Nimmo (Edinburgh).

These two little books naturally range themselves side by side. They may be described as telling the same story in different languages. The Rev. Mr. Symonds chooses for his characters in the world's history all the eccentric animals and fishes that ever lived, until he comes to man, when, for the present, the play is played out. The "old bones" are described, taken to pieces, and put together again, from the zoophytic petrifications of the Cambrian rocks to the glacial drift, where the presence of man is recognised by his weapons and by his works. "The Earth's Crust" is differently described by Mr. Page. The rocks are the heroes, and the animals and fishes who have helped to form them play only a secondary part. Both volumes are well worthy the earnest attention of young students.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE HOURS A.M. AND P.M. IN LONDON.

TEN A.M.—GARDENING.

RIDING on the top of the omnibus from Richmond, or Hampstead, or Clapham, or Norwood, or Kensington, or Bayswater, or St. John's-wood, on a fresh spring or summer morning, who has not been again and still again delighted by bright glimpses of Arcadian pictures, by peeps at suburban shepherdesses, fresh as dewdrops, labouring in the few square yards of earth that belongs to their Acacia, their Lavender, or their Primrose Villa? The dweller on mighty hills, or in broad blooming valleys may love the country, and be grateful for the sweet morning wind that comes to him across the blooming heather; but his delight is by no means so keen, so lasting, as that with which the dweller in a London suburb who has his narrow strip of garden watches every plant that rears its head above the soil under his fostering care. He hies away to the City by the early omnibus, happy, indeed, when he has had time to make three or four turns round the garden, and when his wife has been able to spare from the floral treasures of her parterres a flower for his button-hole. Peeping over the garden walls that skirt the roads from the distant suburbs to London, how many bits of comedy and of sentiment have I seen! We pull up before a little villa, that cannot have more than five or six rooms in it. The coachman winks over his shoulder at me, and knowingly turns the sprig of lavender in his mouth. "Just spiced, Sir," he says, jerking his head towards the porch of the villa, under which a young husband is stealing a parting kiss from his rosebud of a wife. She has her dainty hands enveloped in leather gloves, and holds the prettiest imaginable little spade, rake, and hoe, the newness of which is not yet worn off. The happy husband mounts, wreathed in smiles, to his place on the coach-box. Laughing imps play about the corners of the coachman's mouth. The rough fellow enjoys mightily the pretty scene.

"The flowers want rain, Sir," he says; "though yourn look healthy enough, they do," he adds, eyeing the two fresh, broad pansies in the young husband's button-hole. "Now, my roses is very queer; they're panting for rain."

The suburban coachman has his few yards of garden also, where he can nurse a few rose-bushes, or delight his eye with the red glories of a few scarlet-runners. He has a peculiar penchant for southern-wood, which he calls "old man." He doesn't despise stonecrop, and is proud of "London pride." He says he likes a "bit of something" for his coat "o' mornings;" and the "old woman," too, amuses herself keeping the slugs and snails away. That is a particularly cheerful morning when he has discovered a fine, full-blown carnation to bear with him triumphantly to the Bank. There is a touch, indeed, of sentiment and of humorous philosophy about the omnibus-driver that is never found in the conductor, who is rather a keen-witted, commercial kind of fellow. Yes; the driver loves flowers, and the conductor can't be "bothered" with them.

Still peeping over the garden-walls, the philosopher, from the coach-box, may read not a few domestic stories, as betrayed in the garden-scenes that meet his eye. The omnibus halts at the imposing gateway of a substantial old red-brick house—a house that may be described as giving the promise of a very good glass of fruity, old, aldermanic port. The garden is literally packed with all descriptions of rare and choice flowers and shrubs. The rhododendrons are gorgeous; and when the lilac and the acacia are in bloom the house really seems to lie in a gigantic bouquet. At every window are boxes filled with flowering plants. Through the breakfast-parlour window it is easy to perceive a gigantic bouquet on the table amid the cups and saucers. An elderly man comes wheezing through the gateway, while a middle-aged lady of formidable demeanour, her back turned with remarkable precision to the gate, gives orders to her gardener. She wastes no glance on the departing husband; and when the omnibus moves forward, she is still waving her hand imperiously over the flower-beds, commanding the Adam who is in her pay to do her bidding with her flowers. The coachman has a certain respect for the wheezing elderly gentleman who has just got inside. "That gentleman," coachman observes, "grows his own grass and cucumbers"—grass representing to the speaker's mind that vegetable known to the polite as asparagus.

"But he don't enjoy 'em; not he! I'm told he don't enjoy anything. The grey mare—you understand, Sir—that's what's the matter with him. Don't run well together, somehow. I'm no gardener, not I; yet I warrant I enjoy my bit of mould more than he does all his cucumbers, his grapes, and his grass. Why, he's flowers enough there to stock Covent-garden Market and leave him plenty for the house after. No, Sir. Nobody really enjoys his flowers who doesn't bring 'em up, like children, himself."

Who could have helped agreeing with our coachman that it was a most refreshing and delightful sight, every morning, on his way to London, to see the pretty wives and daughters of London citizens trooping out after early breakfast into the morning sunlight—some with sunburnt gipsy-hats and others with light *pichus* upon their heads—to do an hour's weeding, sowing, or digging, in their garden. They never look so well at rout or at Court as they do gathering up the dew-wet, nodding heads of the carnations, or clearing the insects from the rose-leaves. Yes, the collar is a little awry; the rich hair has burst its boundary; there is a rent in the skirt of the dress; the garden-boots are thick; but compare beauty in this guise, under the scented lilac and the pendent gold-drops of the acacia, to beauty arrayed in slavish obedience to *Le Pollet*. In the sweet gardens that abound at Dulwich and at Norwood—by some of the parterres that are still to be seen at Fulham and at Putney—the watchful traveller along the highroads may catch wayside pictures of sweet gardeners at work in the fresh of the morning, who look as bright and innocent as the flowers upon which their skill and love are expended. They revel in the bit of Nature that is inclosed within brick walls behind the house. Every bud that breaks into leaves has a special welcome from them. Should they be removed into the mud and dust of London they would still have flowers about them, and keep something like a garden in flower-pots. Women, cabined in great cities, have an absolute thirst for something that shall remind them of the freshness and of the freedom of Nature. The poor, huddled in garrets, will fondly grow some poor bit of green or other in a broken vessel. The weavers of Spitalfields have always been enthusiastic chamber gardeners. When garden allotments were made out for them, a mile or two away from their looms, they hastened to them, threw up rough little sheds upon them, and now these strips of land are garden, field, and forest to them, in which they spend every leisure moment they can afford to give to their humble agriculture. I remember a hard and dry attorney, who lived in a dismal street by the river-side, and was as shrewd an elaborator of a bill of costs as any attorney on the rolls. Yet the parchment had not wholly entered this man's soul; for, betimes in the morning, before his first creditor came to beg time, or his clerk had served his first writ, he was at his bed-room window, situated at the top of the dusty house in which he dwelt, scratching the earth contained in two or three old flower-pots, in one of which was a common cabbage, which it was the man of law's boast he had reared from a seed.

I never could, for my own part, be convinced that the said attorney was not in some degree related to an ancient spinster who dwelt with her cats, her birds, and her flowers in a quaint little wooden cottage on a slope of one of the Surrey hills. The cottage was so rude and old-fashioned, and the rooms in it turned up in places so unexpected, and it was altogether so inconvenient a tenement, that it seemed to have been left there, among modern houses with all their improvements, by an oversight. The ancient spinster who dwelt in it was its owner; and was as old-fashioned as the most old-fashioned part of it. Ten o'clock in the morning, forsooth! Miss Atkins had clipped every faded flower, and every brown leaf from her standard-roses long before the nine o'clock Dulwich omnibus passed. It was

reported in the neighbourhood that directly six o'clock struck Miss Atkins was upon her feet, and that it would have gone very hard with her little maid Susan had she been found in bed at five minutes past six. Some people said that Miss Atkins was a rich heiress, who had been disappointed in her early youth, while others maintained that she had never been disappointed, but had always contended her present opinions that it was impossible for a woman who encumbered herself with a husband to do her duty to her birds, her flowers, and her cats: and that, whereas flowers, birds, and cats were never ungrateful, while men were proverbially so, she had always preferred her freedom with her pets. She was one of those rare old maids who are not at all painfully excited when the question of age comes on the tapis. She was a bright body always, with a heart open to the world, like her pansies. She answered any beggar who spoke to her over the wall with a kind word, a crust of bread, or a small coin. She was not given to railing against the male sex. She went occasionally to take tea with the dissenting minister of her district, and sent an early dish of her French beans to his wife. She bought all the new books on gardening, and made a point of rearing all her plants herself. She observed that she would not give a fig for anything that she had not reared from the seed. When she was in her garden, late or early, you could see that she meant downright business. Her dress was pinned to her waist, and she carried a neat little bag in which to put her clippings, for she could not bear to see the least litter along the gravel paths. Dazzling white flints marked the edges of her flower-beds, for she stoutly maintained that box and thrift harbour vermin. She wanted no help for the rough work. She carried the great watering-can herself, and could dig up the little square of kidney potatoes she managed to grow every year; being, as she observed, "remarkably fond of a kidney potatoe when it was steamed as it ought to be, until it had become a ball of flour." Two gigantic hollyhocks stood like sentinels at her cottage door. She called them her footmen. Unlike most rabid female gardeners, she was fond of giving her flowers away, and every Midsummer she sent a large nosegay to the boarding-school close by, to be given to the boy who took the first prize. Every Easter Sunday she sent a bunch of spring flowers, March violets and the rest, to the reverend gentleman she sat under. She made two or three excursions in the course of the year to Covent-garden Market to buy seeds, and when she came back in the Dulwich omnibus in the evening all the gentlemen from the City who were returning home about that time paid her the greatest and most respectful attention. Her mild and gentle voice and her cheerful, albeit withered, face were very winning in their effect. It could never have entered anyone's head for one minute to hold a flirtation with her. The most fascinating of men could never hope to hold that place in her heart which her white tabby, Snowball, held. No human voice could ever, to her ears, match the eloquence of her thrush, who sang over her porch between the hollyhocks. Those same hollyhocks have to her eyes a dignity of carriage that made the Apollo Belvidere look a clumsy lump of clay. The seasons and the years seemed to pass lightly over her, marked here and there by the death of some favourite songster or some darling lapper of milk. There was a little, to her, sacred spot at the end of her garden, to which a baby-cyprus imparted a mournful shade, where she gave decent burial to her feathered and furred favourites. She mourned them with a patient grief, but did not permit them to leave a vacant place in her heart. In the cage of the dead thrush soon chirped a dedgling linnet, and a tortoiseshell kitten disported itself about that saucer over which Snowball once purred. A happy heart had Miss Atkins, then; the flowers as they came and went kept her cheerful; and I daresay she wondered, as her gentleeyes glanced over her garden wall at the morning omnibus dashing to the city, why its load of anxious men would not remain at home, contented with their fruit and flowers.

B. J.

TEN P.M.—THE DANCING-SALOON.

Man is essentially a dancing animal. As a savage, saltation is his chief delight. If he be a fierce, head-hunting Dyak, he has his "skull" dance and his "jawbone" dance, as well as many dances of a peaceful sort, including the great days of jigging which distinguish sowing and harvest times. If the savage be a cleft-lipped, ring-nosed Malay, he twiddles his lean shanks to the music of human marrowbones and cleavers; if a cannibal Fan of gorilla land, his wife chants a lively ditty in praise of "long pig" while he polks about the cooking-pot; if a Dahoman, he dances for blood and rum (his Majesty the King leading the ball); while, should he happen to be a greased and ochred Indian of North America—a Pawnee, or an Iroquois, or an Ojibbeway—there is nothing under the sun he will not dance for. He is at it morning, noon, and night. He has a rain dance, and a sunshine dance, and a famine dance, and a feast dance, and a dance for the sun, and for the moon, and a score or so of the stars. He dances when his baby is christened, and, should it live to be a six-foot warrior and die before its father, the old gentleman will foot it sorrowfully round and round the mound under which his offspring lies buried. He detaches the scalp from the head of an enemy and risks reprisal that he may execute a triumphant double-shuffle over the prostrate form of the victim, and he has a special dance on the occasion of his shaking hands all round with a hostile tribe and "burying the hatchet." He has—at least, his brother the Dakota has—a very nasty dance called "the dog-dance," in which boiled dog is hung to a sort of maypole and snapped at and demolished by mouthfuls by the dancers, men and women, who join hands in a merry-go-round, the dog's-meat pole in the centre. Also, these people have a dance known as the "poor-dance," which is a highly creditable institution. It is for the benefit of the poor, and decrepit, and orphaned of the tribe, and is conducted by the most renowned belles and "swells" in the village. They choose a convenient time, and spend an entire day in roaming from place to place and exhibiting their skill as dancers, and jugglers, and singers to an admiring public, and attended by a couple of porters, one carrying the money-box, and the other ready to burden himself with any "poor-gift" of blanketing, or maize, or tobacco. Even that wretched little pigmy the Australian Bushman occasionally breaks the monotony of his existence, which, as a rule, is given to three occupations—digging up and cooking roots and earthworms, chastising his "gin" with his waddy, and lying on his back smoking tobacco—by engaging in the graceful "carroberry," the soft and delightful "kuri," or the more vigorous and soul-inspiring "palyertatta," in which the performers, in a simple suit of gum-leaves, congregate about the forest bonfire, leaping over it and through it, at the same time brandishing their naked spears and uttering the most appalling yells, while the women sit in a circle a little way off, beating time with their hands, and unanimously raising their voices in imitation of the musical grunt of the red kangaroo. Civilisation is impotent to weed out this relic of barbarism. The King of Dahomey dances, so does the Emperor of the French. Mahtotoppa, the great chief of the Dakotas, danced on the eve of his great victory over the Sacs and Foxes; the Duke of Wellington danced on the eve of Waterloo. At ten p.m. any time this week or next, could the reader see from here to Old Kalabar, he would doubtless discover a select party of Egbos performing saltation at the shrine of a Fetish snake; and if, within the same hour, he took the trouble to walk as far as Bloom-bury, and looked in at "Widdle's Dancing Saloon," he would there find, with some small differences, a repetition of the same performance.

Small differences, indeed! In what particular, pray, does the Old Kalabar heathen orgies resemble Widdle's? What similitude—even the faintest—may be traced between Widdle's patrons and the grease-anointed, face-painted, copper-bangle-wearing Kalabese? Is the likeness of man to the gorilla less positive than the likeness of young Mr. Brussels Prouts (with the eyeglasses) to a grinning, goggle-eyed native of Kalabar? Is Widdle's M.C. (a shirt-cutter by profession, and not depending for his living on two-and-sixpence per night, be it borne in mind) to be for a moment compared with a shock-headed, ring-nosed savage? Are Mr. Peasod and the master cabinetmaker and his sister barbarians? Is their cousin, the outfitter's daughter from Aldgate, a likely person to bow in worship to a Fetish snake?



TEN A.M.: GARDENING.

Well, she is a very fine woman, and I beg ten times ten thousand pardons if it happens that I am wrong; but, truly and sincerely, I do believe her to be addicted to fetish worship. There is that in her eyes, in her hair, in her general appearance and ornamentation, which betrays her. Likewise I suspect Peasecod—I suspect him chiefly on account of his patent leathers and his teeth; while as for his sister, she has worshipped the serpent till her hair begins to fall off, and it has become necessary to sacrifice the prettiest of pouts and to affect with her lips an expression of severity and determination she has not at all at heart, by way of concealing the fact that her teeth are falling her. Poor little Miss Peasecod! The devotion of a lifetime—at least from maidenhood upwards—has in no way softened the nature of the insatiable fetish snake towards her; she has given it all her smiles; she has exhausted the natural bloom of her cheeks in the monster's service; she has suffered headache, neurache, and, for its sake, borne with a cheerful countenance the agony attendant on the possession of three corns (two hard and one soft) palpitating in shoes two



TEN P.M.: DANCING.

she found a paradise she had hitherto only dreamt of. She found glitter, and sparkle, and music, and an amount of polite attention at the hands of the white-gloved gentlemen assembled that fairly turned her innocent head. Individuals who, judged by their waistcoats and monstaches, might have been barons at the very least, solicited her for "the next set" with a humility which, until she grew a little used to it, was really painful. Clearly she had underrated herself. William was a very nice young man to be sure, and possibly gentlemen's bootmaking was a decentish trade; but when she thought on William's unfashionable whiskers, and his great hands breaking through the tender stitches of his unwonted white kids, and compared both—his hands and his whiskers—to some that were there; to some, the owners of which, with fairy lightness (William certainly was rather flat-footed), had accompanied her through the mazy dance, and even in one instance at least, and that not the least aristocratic, inquired if that gentleman (William) was her brother, and when this little episode in this first of her Arabian nights crossed her memory, together

with the remembrance of the incredulous but eminently gentlemanly stare with which the Viscount, or whatever he was, received her blushing answer that he was not her brother but a friend; when, I say, this, among other matters, reappeared to her that night as she sat at her looking-glass putting her curls in paper, there was reflected in it a face with something about it that, could honest William have seen it, would have stabbed his heart more cruelly than his keenest eye could. Her foolish little heart felt itself debased any longer to harbour so mean a lodger as a bootmaker, and from that time she became a fetish worshipper, and so she remains. Since that fatal evening her mind has, of course, been disabused of many of the delusions which then crept into it. Her viscounts have proved to be clerks, and her dukes persons in the tailoring business. Her favourite baron had the felicity of serving her with a yard of pink tulle behind a draper's counter in Holborn. But her faith in her fetish is not shaken, and she continues to worship at Widdle's with touching constancy

and devotion. Indeed, her infatuation increases with her years, and though she can now find no more agreeable escort than her bachelor brother: though the M.C. has long ceased to bow and scrape, and greet her with a familiar nod; though she occasionally sits for half an hour with no one to speak to her or bring her negus but Mr. Peascod, she finds at Widdle's what she can find nowhere else. It is an oasis in the desert. The glitter and sparkle of music, and flaunting of sashes and rustling of silks, have become essential to her very existence—that is, to her existence as a fetish worshipper. One of these fine nights a brutal giggle, or the rude shock of a very cold shoulder, will break the spell, and she will then discover the heartless wooden idol she has all along been worshipping. I hope when that melancholy time arrives that her brother, the master cabinetmaker, will have found the reward for which he is craving—his fetish; and that Mrs. Peascod will afford her a comfortable asylum in which to terminate her everlasting maidenhood. Or, her brother failing her, that her outfitting cousin from Aldgate may captivate and marry Mr. Brussels Prout. I should like to see that young gentleman daring to offer any objection to Miss Peascod taking up her abode in his house if Mrs. Prout willed otherwise.

J. G.

STRAWBERRIES.

THERE can be no doubt that one of the greatest evidences of civilisation is to be found in the production of new varieties in nature as well as in the acclimatisation of exotic and the improvement of indigenous plants and animals. It is equally true that railways have, ordinarily speaking, much to do with the present admirable condition of mankind, and that the engine and train pioneer the way for mental and moral enlightenment. Granting this, it cannot at the same time be denied that a return to the real aspects of nature is sometimes refreshing; and that the natural, as distinguished from the artificial, man feels, say once a year, a strong desire to get a little away from the constantly pressing claims of science and physical progress, and to hold such communion as may yet be left to him with things as they were before the invention of mechanical fish-hatching and patent hot-water apparatus. We have had something to say very lately about "blackberrying," and "fern-gathering," with such unsophisticated pleasures as belong to each of these simple amusements, and we would now add another pure pleasure to our summer records by advocating those rarer and, alas! too often less fruitful excursions, the object of which is to gather wild strawberries.

There are, perhaps, few more apt illustrations of the

progress of civilisation than the strawberry, for the very name by which it is known in England was derived from the practice of cultivating this delicious specimen of the rosaceæ by surrounding it with straw, so that, to be correct, we should call the wild fruit by its Latin name, *Fragaria*, and assign to it a position of its own. To pursue the subject a little further, the strawberry is often a lamentable example of the results of over-culture or artificial civilisation, since, directly it attains the highest perfection with regard to size, it is unmistakably deteriorated in flavour—expansion is a mistake for improvement; and, just as the overfed hog runs to lard, so the hothouse-forced strawberry goes to a saponaceous pulp, which requires wine and sugar to make it at all palatable. "They look like wax," said a lady at a dinner-table lately, as she held a gigantic double specimen between her ivory fingers previous to indenting its shining surface with her pearly teeth. "They do, indeed; and they taste still more like it," replied her cynical companion, helping himself to a plate of the smaller and pine-shaped fruit which everybody else had neglected. The really fine strawberry is seldom large; it supplies its own wine, and is spoiled by the addition of sugar.

Who can calculate the enormous variety of size, flavour, colour, and locality which form the distinction of the strawberries of our day



GATHERING WILD STRAWBERRIES.

when twenty years ago, before the mania for the great whitish, squat-shaped, bulbous offspring of patent methods, there were seventeen choice sorts forming varieties of the species? Linnaeus was contented to divide the species into two, while Willdenow admitted eight, and Don stood out for fourteen. It is probably the case that widely different varieties were mistaken for species, as the strawberry is always a native of cold and temperate climates. Of the ordinary species, however, the divisions include the Chili strawberry, a native of South America and the parent of a number of very different varieties; the Virginian, also a native American, from which the ordinary scarlet and black strawberries cultivated in gardens are derived: the Hautbois, a North American, and a really noble fellow, from whom descend a goodly list, not the least celebrated of which is the Sir Joseph Banks, the French Majaufe, the greenish hill strawberry of Switzerland and Germany, and the wood strawberry of our first love, which abounds on the hillsides throughout Europe, and is particularly fine in our own country. There are eight varieties of this sort, all of which produce fine fruit by cultivation, the original berry being of delicate flavour, whether their colour be red or white. In most of the wooded hill districts of England they may be found, where civilisation has not stripped the hedges or cut them down for tunnels and embankments, so that we have no need to specify any particular locality.

Those who, like ourselves, love that sort of holiday-rambling which the French call a "voyage zigzag," will know where to look for them; and, in truth, they are well worth a journey for their

own sakes, without reckoning the discoveries which Nature always yields to those who go to find out one of her simple treasures. As a pure delight for those who are young and honest enough to enjoy nature without civilised indifference, what can be more glorious than a long day spent in the woods, and the evening meal of cottage bread and new creamy butter, with perhaps a little delicate honey and the fresh fruit just plucked from the long straggling branches? What a sweet rest is that of the shady retreat under some wide-spreading tree, where the basket is unpacked and the clean white cloth spread upon a convenient table of moss! What a merry meal is this temperate repast! and how the birds sing to it as they grow tame enough to hop down amongst the crumbs!

There are, we fear, few woods near London where the wild strawberry is found in any quantity. Hornsey and Sydenham, you see, have each their palace and their park, for which we have reason to be thankful; and at the former place we saw lately that the contractors for the refreshment-department had leased ever so many acres of cultivated strawberries in beds, to which the public were admitted to pluck and eat at a shilling a head.

This is altogether a different affair to the strawberry-gathering of our illustration, and we prefer the wild woods. Can there be any strawberries in Highgate wood? We fear there are none, and that anybody seeking them there might be disappointed; but Highgate wood is worth a visit nevertheless. It was here that the poor Kafir, brought over to this country, we believe, by some speculator who engaged him to perform his native dances and the rest of

those free and savage customs which are so interesting to read of or to witness in dramatic representation, endeavoured to retire once more into private life, and was ultimately discovered under the trees in a remote clump of underwood, devouring part of a roast sheep (the result of his morning's hunting), the remainder of which hung, neatly butchered, to a neighbouring bough. Civilisation took him before the magistrate, however, and thence to prison, or some equally vile durance, escaping from which he managed to stray on to a line of railway where Civilisation (which was always too much for him, as it is for all his race) came, in the shape of an express-train, and ended his mortal career. There is surely no moral needed to this strolling gossip which began with strawberries; but yet, perhaps, there is a moral to be found in the fate of the poor Zulu, and it is this—when you take a journey for the express purpose of gathering wood-fruit, have as little as possible to do with conventionalism, and go beyond railways.

THE WALL-PAINTINGS IN THE PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.—The report of the commissioners on the wall-paintings in the Palace of Westminster has been issued. It recommends that a further sum of £3000 be paid to Mr. Herbert in addition to the £2000 already paid him for his great picture of "Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law." It also recommends the cancelling of the contract as regards the remaining eight pictures, and the making of a new contract; also the payment to Mr. Macise of an additional £1500 for each of his two paintings.

OPERA, CONCERTS, AND NEW MUSIC.

The musical season is gradually dying away, and to-night the last performance of Italian opera for the present year takes place. It is to be a performance of fine fragments—the second and third acts of “Faust,” the second act of “Marta,” and the third act of “Les Huguenots.” All the members of a company soon to be dispersed to the uttermost ends of the earth (or, at least, of that large portion of the earth, from St. Petersburg to Paris and from Paris to Havannah, where Italian opera has become naturalised) may be heard this evening at Her Majesty's Theatre—Titiens, Grossi, Santley, Bossi, Bettini, Giuglini, and we do not know how many more. On Tuesday “Lucresia Borgia” was again represented at this establishment, with Titiens, Grossi, Giuglini, and Santley in the chief parts. It would be impossible in the present day to bring together a finer quartet of principal performers. The chorus and orchestra were also all that could be desired.

As Paris and St. Petersburg (to say nothing of minor places) will soon be waiting for the Italian singers, and as their number is still limited, it is only right and fair that the members of Mr. Gye's and Mr. Mapleson's company should leave London at this season of the year (when, moreover, few people want to hear them) for the capitals of France and Russia. We are convinced, however, that an Italian Opera might with advantage be kept open in London during the winter—not, perhaps, during the country and seaside months of the autumn—but from the end of autumn until the beginning of spring. If an English Opera can almost answer during the winter, an Italian Opera would quite succeed. The Italian works are better than the English, so also are the Italian singers—to such an extent, that Italian singers of the second class are often better than English singers nominally of the first. As for the intelligibility of Italian as compared with that of English Opera, it is difficult, if not impossible, for the novice to understand either. But it is only about once in two years that a new operatic work is brought out at all; and our Italian theatres are never so much frequented by the general public as on those occasions when some work already well known is performed.

Mr. Alfred Mellon's Promenade Concerts at the Royal Italian Opera have commenced, and are quite as attractive as they were last year. Mlle. Krebs is the pianist, Mlle. Carlotta Patti the principal singer, and Ali Ben-Souallé the unique turcophonist. If our readers do not yet know what a turcophone is, we may tell them that it is an instrument of the saxophone family, played upon by a real or pretended Turk. We need scarcely say that Ali Ben-Souallé is the best turcophonist we ever heard. Seriously, however, he is an admirable performer.

If the representation of operas ceases now and then for a time, the publication of songs, polkas, waltzes, and vocal and instrumental pieces of all kinds, goes on uninterruptedly and for ever. Most of these pieces are extracted from operas or built up out of operatic fragments; and we have already had occasion to mention that all the music, original and derived from “Mirella,” is published by Messrs. Boosey; the “Faust” music, whether pure or adulterated through the zeal of fantasia writers, by Messrs. Chappell. Messrs. Boosey, moreover, have just published two songs, in her best style, by Claribel (“Through the jessamine” and “Little bird, little bird, listen to me”), and also a “Claribel quadrille,” which, being founded on the most popular of Claribel's songs and ballads (“Janet's Choice,” “The Broken Sixpence,” “Priez pour elle,” “Maggie's Secret,” “Janet's Bridal,” “Five o'clock in the Morning,” &c.), is naturally very melodious.

BALLOONING.

M. EUGENE GODARD has addressed to a daily contemporary a letter on the subject of his great Montgolfier balloon and the accident which occurred during the descent after his ascent on the 3rd inst. The following is an extract from M. Godard's letter:—

At the close of the Italian war experience showed me that it was necessary to find a substitute for gas balloons, which for war present considerable inconveniences and some real dangers. For, independently of the difficulty of procuring gas for the inflation of the balloon, or the material required to produce it, at the place where an ascent is necessary, there is to be dreaded the destruction of the balloon and those who ascend in it, whether, by means of guns of great range, the enemy should strike it with a hollow projectile carrying a lighted match, which would go through the balloon and cause it to explode; or by means of a simple explosive ball, which, well directed, would strike a resisting body in contact with the gas contained in the balloon; or, finally, after the ascent by an accident probable and possible in war, which would bring about the destruction during the inflation. All these reasons have determined me to fall back on the system of Montgolfier, which, independently of the great economy experienced in the mode of inflation, permits the finding everywhere of the combustible material needful for this inflation, which itself is effected with a rapidity much greater than by means of gas. But farther, the accidents of destruction by the fact of war totally disappear, for the balloon may be traversed by many projectiles of large calibre, kindled or not, without any other damage resulting than rents without importance; for if there is a loss of hot air, it may easily be supplied by augmenting its production in the furnace, so as not to descend.

If in the ascent of the 3rd inst. I did not ascend to a much greater height, that was because, on the one hand, I had to make haste in my journey, which obliged me to pass over the city of London at its greatest length, and because I aimed at making the earth before night; then, besides, because the surrounding temperature was approaching more nearly that contained in the balloon.

Nothing in the course of the journey could have caused the accident which happened at the descent to be foreseen. It was only on arriving within 100 ft. of the earth that the balloon met with so violent a current of air that it might be compared to a rush of the tide at sea. In spite of all my efforts, and all the precautions dictated by a long experience, my balloon, after having passed over some hundreds of yards with giddy rapidity, finally dashed against a tree and was rent in pieces, but no person was thrown out of the car. It is for me a very great loss; but I find consolation in thinking that I had with me an English gentleman who met with no personal accident, and also some devoted men who lent me their assistance. For myself, I aim at the restoration of my health, to attend to the orders of His Excellency the Minister of the Emperor's household, to make the ascent at Paris for the national fête on the 15th of August. I hope to succeed in repairing the damage to the Eagle. I will neglect nothing in order to resume at Cremona the series of my ascensions, which will then have a scientific aim.

I ought to acquit myself of a debt of gratitude towards the English public, which has lent me, on each occasion, active and devoted assistance. Be good enough, Mr. Manager, to convey to them my sincere thanks. I cannot forget my colleagues—Messrs. Glaisher, Coxwell, and Adams—for their good offices and sympathy.

HAYES-COMMON ON FIRE.—On Sunday evening considerable alarm was occasioned by what appeared to be very extensive premises on fire, and which was visible over the whole of the metropolis. Mr. Henderson, of the London Fire Brigade, and the conductors of the Prince of Wales Volunteer Fire Brigade, New-cross, with numerous parish-engines, started for the scene of the conflagration, on reaching which it was ascertained that the furze on Hayes-common, near Bromley, was in flames. There was no water to be obtained, and, a stiff breeze prevailing, the flames spread like wildfire. Efforts were made by the police and others to extinguish the fire, but it was found impossible to do anything but allow it to burn itself out, and about four acres of furze were consequently destroyed. This is the second time the common has been on fire within a few days.

EMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES.—The following notice has been issued by order of the Government Emigration Commissioners:—“Information for emigrants to the United States.—On arrival at New York you will be landed with your luggage at Castle Garden, where you will obtain, free of charge, good accommodation and instructions as to the best mode of reaching your destination. This establishment is under the supervision of the Commissioners of Emigration for the State of New York (one of whom is the president of the ‘Irish Emigrant Society’), and affords every facility for obtaining ‘inland passage-tickets’ by railroads and steam-boats to all parts of the United States and Canada. Be cautious in buying in this country or on board ship ‘inland passage-tickets’ for travelling in the United States, as you may find them useless on your arrival in America. You will obtain them cheaper and run no risk of imposition by getting them at Castle Garden, New York. Do not trust to strangers, whose object in offering you assistance is probably either to entrap you into enlisting or to gain your confidence for the purpose of defrauding you of your money. Do not accept invitations from strangers to drink, and be especially careful not to get drunk or in any way to lose the control over your own actions. Be very cautious as to the engagements you enter into for work. Remember that an American dollar is nominally equal to 4s. 2d. English money, and a cent is one halfpenny, but that, under the present circumstances of the country they will not buy more than one-third as much of the necessities of life as they would formerly buy.”

A MADMAN IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

IN one of the third-class compartments of the express train leaving King's-cross station at 9.15 p.m. on Thursday night week, a tall and strongly-built man, dressed as a sailor, and having a wild and haggard look, took his seat about three minutes before the train started. He was accompanied to the carriage by a woman, whom he afterwards referred to as his wife, and by a man, apparently a cabdriver, of both of whom he took leave when the train was about to start. It had scarcely done so when, on putting his hand to his pocket, he called out that he had been robbed of his purse, containing £17, and at once began to shout and gesticulate in a manner which greatly alarmed his fellow-travellers, four in number, in the same compartment. He continued to roar and swear with increasing violence for some time, and then made an attempt to throw himself out of the window. He threw his arms and part of his body out of the window, and had just succeeded in placing one of his legs out when the other occupants of the carriage, who had been endeavouring to keep him back, succeeded in dragging him from the window. Being foiled in this attempt, he turned round upon those who had been instrumental in keeping him back. After a long and severe struggle, which, notwithstanding the speed the train was running at, was heard in the adjoining compartments, the sailor was overcome by the united exertions of the party, and was held down in a prostrate position by two of their number. Though thus secured, he still continued to struggle and shout vehemently, and it was not till some time afterwards, when they managed to bind his hands and strap him to the seat, that the passengers in the compartment felt themselves secure. This train, it may be explained, makes the journey from London to Peterborough, a distance little short of eighty miles, without a single stoppage; and, as the scene we have been describing began immediately after the train left London, the expectation of having to pass the time usually occupied between the two stations (one hour and fifty minutes) with such a companion must have been far from agreeable. While the struggle was going on, and even for some time afterwards, almost frantic attempts were made to get the train stopped. The attention of those in the adjoining compartment was readily gained by waving handkerchiefs out of the window, and by-and-by a full explanation of the circumstances was communicated through the aperture in which the lamp that lights both compartments is placed. A request to communicate with the guard was made from one carriage to another for a short distance, but it was found impossible to continue it, and, as the occupants of the compartments beyond the one nearest the scene of the disturbance could learn nothing as to its nature, a vague feeling of alarm seized them, and all the way to Peterborough a succession of shouts of “Stop the train!” mixed with the frantic screams of female passengers, was kept up. On the arrival of the train at Peterborough the man was released by his captors and placed on the platform. No sooner was he there, however, than he rushed with a renewed outburst of fury on those who had taken the chief part in restraining his violence, and as he kept vociferating that they had robbed him of his money, it was some time before the railway officials could be got to interfere; indeed, it seemed likely for some time that he would be allowed to go on in the train. As remonstrances were made from all quarters to the station-master to take the fellow into custody, he at length agreed, after being furnished with the name and addresses of the other occupants of the carriage, to hand him over to the police. The general impression of those who witnessed the sailor's fury seems to be that he was labouring under a violent attack of delirium tremens, and he had every appearance of having been drinking hard for some days. Had there been only one or even two occupants of the compartment besides himself, there seems every reason to believe that a much more deadly struggle would have ensued, as he displayed immense strength.

One of the persons who was present gives the following account of what took place:—

I was a passenger with four other gentlemen by the 9.15 p.m. train on Thursday evening from King's-cross, London, to Edinburgh. Just before starting the guard pushed into our carriage a man, apparently a sailor, who seemed to be somewhat intoxicated, and was unable to sit steadily. We had not proceeded far on our journey when he became very excited, and after fumbling in his pockets about a minute he declared we had robbed him of all his money, and that he was ruined. Thereafter, jumping from his seat, he began to rush about the carriage, uttering the while the most frightful yells and imprecations. Thinking he was making up a story in order to obtain some money from us, we at first took no notice of him; but on his becoming more violent we tried to pacify him in every way we could think of, but without avail. He dashed up and down the carriage, striking out right and left, and it became too evident that he was suffering from an attack of delirium tremens. As the situation was fast becoming alarming, and all our efforts to stop the train were unavailing, we were obliged to resort to force. The disturber of our peace was a strong, powerful fellow, and it required the united efforts of four of us to secure him. It may give some idea of the difficulty of our task to state that at one moment he threw himself half out of the window in his endeavours to break from us, while the next moment one of our party was exposed to a similar danger by being forced against the other window in endeavouring to hold him. At length we succeeded in tying his arms behind his back with a strap which one of us providentially had. Even when he was bound his struggles were so violent that it took two of us to hold him down on the seat, and we were subsequently compelled to tie his legs tightly together with our handkerchiefs. As the man continued very violent and we feared he might break the strap, which was not very strong, we still endeavoured to alarm the guard; but, though we succeeded in gaining the attention of the passengers in the next carriage to ours, we were unable to make the guard hear or attract his attention by our signals. We imagined we succeeded in alarming the officials at one of the stations we passed, as the danger-signals were shown along the line, which caused the driver to slacken his speed, and we began to hope for a speedy deliverance; but in a few seconds we passed the lights, and the speed was increased again, without the train being brought to a stop; and we were forced to go on to Peterborough, where the train made its first stoppage about eleven o'clock, having spent one hour and a half in unavailing attempts to alarm the guard. On arriving at the station, neither porter, guard, nor station-master could be found for some minutes, though, by this time nearly all the passengers in the train were aware of the position of affairs, and were around her carriage. When at last the station-master made his appearance, the man, who in the mean time had contrived to get his hands loose, had the impudence to turn round and accuse us of having robbed him of £17 sterling. He was, however, at last removed from the carriage, and we proceeded on our journey. I trust the circumstances of the case will be sufficient excuse for troubling you at such length, and that our dangerous journey may strengthen the demand now being made for proper communication between passengers and guard. One of our party expressed a wish that we had been honoured with the presence of a director of the company, to whom a little of our experience might have been useful.

THE CONFEDERATE CRUISER FLORIDA.—Intelligence has been received at Lloyd's, by the Ocean Gem, just arrived at Liverpool from New York, that on the 15th of July (Halifax Nova Scotia, bearing S.E. twenty-two miles) she spoke the Confederate cruiser Florida. She had just captured three Federal merchantmen—a bark, a brig, and a schooner—and set them on fire. They were all burning at the same time. The clipper-steamer Electric Spark, captured from the Federals and converted into a Confederate privateer, was in company with the Florida. Soon after sighted three Federal gun-vessels steering on the course of the Florida, and it is anticipated that an engagement ensued, as heavy firing was heard some time after.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY BY GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES AT THE ROYAL MILITARY CLOTHING STORES.—It has just been discovered that a wholesale system of robbery has for some time past been carried on at Woolwich, at the manufacturing establishment known as the Government Clothing Stores, and a number of non-commissioned officers and soldiers have been apprehended and charged with possession of part of the stolen property. The system of robbery was first brought to light by Ling, a detective officer, and steps were then taken by the military police to search the residences of a number of Royal Artillery soldiers, some of whom are employed in a superior position at the establishment. The result of this prompt action was that the suspected parties were found to have in their possession a very large amount of serge, flannel, cloth, calico, leather, &c., unmanufactured into military clothing, in addition to a number of manufactured articles, the whole being branded with the broad arrow, and evidently Government property stolen from the clothing stores. Ten of the employees at the establishment are in custody of the military police, and a most searching investigation is now being carried on, which it is believed will result in the apprehension of other delinquents. A statement of the facts has been forwarded to the authorities of the War Department, and a military court of inquiry will be instituted to report on the matter.

OBITUARY.

VICE-ADMIRAL DRAKE.—The death of Vice-Admiral Drake took place on Saturday last at Bath. The gallant Admiral was on the retired list, and was born in December, 1788. He entered the Navy in July, 1804, and, as Midshipman on board the *Defiance*, was present in Calder's action, at Trafalgar, and at the destruction of three French frigates off Sables d'Olonne in 1809. He commanded a boat at the recapture of the *Elison* timber-ship by cutting her out from Palais Harbour, Belleisle. As Lieutenant of the Northumberland he was present at the destruction of two frigates off L'Orient, and was much employed in boat service against the enemy's coasting trade. He was present also at the disembarkation at Corunna and in Parker's expedition to Ferrol; and was Senior Lieutenant of the Albion at the Battle of Navarino, for which he was promoted to the rank of Commander. His commissions bore date as follows:—Lieutenant, Aug. 1, 1811; Commander, Oct. 22, 1827; Captain, March 21, 1835; Rear-Admiral (retired list), Feb. 14, 1857; and Vice-Admiral, Sept. 12, 1863.

CATHERINE SINCLAIR.—Miss Catherine Sinclair, a well-known authoress, and a lady remarkable in more ways than one, died, in her sixty-fifth year, on Saturday last, at the official residence of her brother, the Ven. Archdeacon Sinclair, Vicar of Kensington. Catherine Sinclair, born in Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, on April 17, 1800, was a younger daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, D.C.L., F.R.S., M.P. for Caithness-shire, by the Hon. Diana Macdonald, daughter of the first Baron Macdonald. Her elder brother is Sir George Sinclair, of Ulster, late M.P. for Caithness-shire; another is the excellent William Sinclair, Vicar of Pulborough, Sussex, formerly Incumbent of St. George's, Leeds; a third, the Ven. John Sinclair, Archdeacon of Middlesex. One of her sisters married the late Earl of Glasgow, and with her Miss Sinclair generally lived. Sir John Sinclair's name is a household word with agriculturists and statesmen who know the value of practical agriculturists to a country. A benison is popularly bestowed on him who makes three blades of grass grow where one grew before—that is a test of his skill. Sir John made millions grow where none grew before. He reclaimed Caithness-shire from being an absolute waste, and turned the wilderness into a garden of Eden, for labourers as well as for landowners. He set a noble example. He founded the Board of Agriculture; was created a Baronet in recognition of his services in 1786; and his memory is held in honour not only in his native county, but at the Board of Trade and by every Minister whose duties have brought him into relation with Sir John's labours. Will it be believed that the official secretary of Sir John in all his arduous statistical works was his daughter Catherine, just turned fourteen? Yet so it was. She next turned her attention to the education of her youthful nephew, the Hon. G. F. Boyle; and if that excellent man's character was moulded by Miss Sinclair, the Scotch Church owes her a deep debt of gratitude, though the munificent benefactor of St. Ninian's, Perth, and the college at Cumbræ sadly fell away from the faith as it is in John Knox. For Mr. Boyle Miss Sinclair wrote her “*Charlie Seymour*” and her “*Lives of the Caesars*.” In 1835 appeared “*Modern Accomplishments*” and “*Modern Society*,” the first work directed against the mistakes made in the education of women, as exemplified in their conduct in the second. It is said that 30,000 of these works were sold. “*Holiday Homes*” is a famous work—a history of Miss Sinclair's childhood, which has won the hearts of all children from its naturalness, its geniality, and its truthfulness. Miss Sinclair was, when not warped by religious prejudices, a most pleasant writer, as she was a most amiable and agreeable person. Her prejudices took the form of a dislike, not irrational, but irritatingly, and therefore unprofitably, shown to Popery. She saw Jesuits everywhere, and looked for them where she was least likely to find them—in those whom she thought were not far from the Church of Rome. “*Priest and Curate*” (1858), “*Polish Legends*” (1852), &c., will explain what is meant. Among her other works are “*Beatrice*; or, Unknown Relations” (1852), “*Business of Life*” (1848), “*Cabman's Holiday*” (1855), “*Cross Purposes*” (1857), “*Sketches of Scotland*” (1859), “*Sketches of Wales*” (1860), “*Lord and Lady Harcourt*” (1850), &c. All are marked by much originality and a high moral tone. But Miss Sinclair's name will be known for other and higher merits than her books or her opinions. She was a true Christian, and, furthermore, an ever-active practical philanthropist. A lady, who only knew her from her books, bequeathed her a large sum to support a noble charitable institution in Edinburgh, and well she fulfilled the trust. She built a drinking-fountain, she established cooking depôts in Edinburgh, a mission station at Leith, and she equipped one hundred Edinburgh youths as volunteers—the Ulster corps. She visited the sick and tended the dying; and, when the mere authoress is forgotten, the true woman and the sensible philanthropist will be long remembered in Catherine Sinclair.

OUR HARVEST PROSPECTS.

ENGLAND.

The harvest has now commenced in several of the Southern and Midland Counties, and agriculturists are enabled to estimate with more accuracy the probable yield. The opinion seems to be that the crop of wheat this harvest will be good in quality, but inferior in quantity to that of last year. Of course there will be exceptions, both ways, to this general condition, local circumstances influencing the yield in many districts. Pretty heavy crops will be gathered in the Lincolnshire fens, some farmers expecting as many as five or six quarters from the acre. On sand and limestone soils the crops are light and deficient, in consequence of the long drought. In Yorkshire, where harvesting has been going on for some days, the wheat is thin, but in this quarter, as everywhere else, the quality of the crop will, it is anticipated, turn out excellent. In agricultural districts the scythe, the sickle, and the machine are in full occupation. In many quarters there is a falling off in the supply of Irish reapers, which is attributed to the emigration which has been going on from this country since last harvest. There will be a deficiency in the general yield of straw. Barley will be a good crop as regards quality, and oats are expected to be heavy and abundant. Turnips and mangolds will prove a failure in most, and a serious failure in some, districts, in consequence of the drought, and there will necessarily be a short supply for the cattle during next winter. Even now green oats and linseed-cakes are being used by farmers for the sustenance of their cattle, the pastures in most places being completely burnt up. Potatoes are good in quality and quantity, and free from disease. The yield of fruit has been remarkably abundant as a rule, but in some localities the plums have been greatly damaged by the fly.

The *Doncaster Chronicle* says:—“The hay crop was never better secured; but now that the harvest is completed the yield is said to be only half the average. Hay is rapidly rising in price, and farmers are looking with anxiety to the prospects of scarcity, or at least dearth, of fodder in the coming winter. In Holderness this is especially the case. That district was never worse off than now; there is no grass and no water. Pastures are withered in the extreme, and cattle have to be foddered by moving the green crops of spring corn, and are either watered in troughs or driven several miles. Many of the meadows were never mown, but were eaten by the cattle; and, now that tares are all gone, oilcake is a last resource. This has risen in price fully twenty per cent in the month. The effect of all this on the markets has been to render lean stock a drug, there being no meat, and consequently no buyers. Fat stock, however, is rapidly rising in value, for even with linseed farmers cannot keep up the regular supply for the markets, and a short supply must of necessity be the rule for many weeks hence. The stock in some places are so pinched that the hedges and the trees within reach are closely eaten, and generally the country is in most urgent want of rain. It is thought a great part of the new oat crop will be required to be chopped up at once as cattle-feed. The weather shows no sign of alteration as yet.” In Yorkshire, as well as in the south and south-western counties, the wheat and oats are infested with an insect, but the farmers believe that it will not be found to do the crops any injury.

IRELAND.

It is gratifying to find that the accounts of the harvest from all parts of the country still continue to be most favourable. A change in the weather has taken place, which has tended to remove the apprehensions that were entertained in some places, in consequence of the long prevalence of drought. An early and abundant harvest is now anticipated. Great interest is felt as to the flax crop, and it is satisfactory to learn that up to the present the return has been such as to reward the enterprise of those who tried the crop this year, and to stimulate others to follow their example.

NEW LIFE-BOAT STATIONS.—The Royal National Life-boat Institution invites the co-operation of clergymen, officers of the Navy and mercantile marine, and the gentry in general resident on the seacoast, in assisting it to establish and maintain a life-boat station on every point of the shores of the United Kingdom where danger exists and where shipwrecks sometimes occur. It is requisite that there should be a sufficient number of men (fishermen or others accustomed to the management of boats at sea) to man the life-boat, and a committee formed from the residents in the neighbourhood, to superintend the station, and to obtain such small annual subscriptions as may contribute towards a portion of the expenses. We may add that communications on this important subject may be addressed to Richard Lewis, Esq., Secretary to the Royal National Life-boat Institution, John-street, Adelphi.

THE GERMANS AND THE LATE WAR.—Germany had a great deed to perform. That deed has been accomplished—but how? Trickery, deception, breach of faith, the most deplorable diplomatic manoeuvres, dishonoured it. The warriors of Germany were ready and anxious for the field; but foreign soldiers have taken from them the honour of the victory. Can we congratulate ourselves upon a deed of which the success has been of such a character? Can we ever think of it without recollecting with shame an insult at once injurious to the warriors of Germany and offensive to the national sentiment? Germany and Prussia deprived themselves at the outset of the gratitude of Germany by committing this offence, and by gratuitously exposing to the glare of day the weakness and disunion of Germany, in order to make themselves shine more brightly.—*Northern Gazette of Germany (Hanover).*

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GREAT SALE OF SILKS.
Disolution of Partnership of NICHOLSON and AMOTT. SALE of the STOCK, amounting to over £20,000. Black Glace Silks, during the season £1 7s. 6d., may now be had at 15s. 9d. Sealatin Mantles. Rich Black Drap de Lyon and Armure Silks, worth £1 10s. the Dress, are reduced to 1 guinea. Rich Black Glace Imperial and the new Gros d'Italie, originally £2 10s., are all marked £1 15s. 6d. Magnificent Corded Silks, worth from 3 to 4 guineas, reduced to 2 1/2 guineas.

A parcel of last year's patterns in Fancy Silks, good in quality, originally 20s., have all been reduced to 15s. 9d. and 1 guinea. A very superior lot of Plain, Checked, and Striped Glace Silks, worth 2 guineas, now marked £1 5s. 6d. and £1 9s. 6d. Some magnificent Chemise and Fancy wide French Glace and Moire Robes will be sold at 1s. 10d. per yard, cut to make at least 10s. 6d. Rich Moire Antiques all Silks are reduced to 2 guineas. 450 Dress Lengths of Rich Lyons Fancy Silks, usually sold at 4 guineas, are marked £2 15s. 6d.

AMOTT and COMPANY, Crystal Warehouses (late Nicholson and Amott), 61 and 62, St. Paul's-churchyard.

CLOSE OF THE SEASON.
JAMES SPENCE and CO. are now offering, during the present month, the remaining part of their Summer Stock at a great reduction in price, and respectfully solicit an early inspection. Following is a list of the principal Goods:—Silks, Mantles, Shawls.

Embroidered and Braided Made-up Dresses, from 14s. 9d.; Fancy Dresses, Alpaca, Muslin, French and Swiss Cambrics, Ribbons, Gloves, Hosiery, Trimmings, Parasols, Ties, &c. James Spence and Co. will commence showing, on 1st September, a large Stock of Autumn Goods, comprising all the latest Fashions in Dress.

Close on Saturdays at Five o'clock. JAMES SPENCE and CO., Wholesale and Retail Silkmercers, Drapers, &c., 77 and 78, St. Paul's-churchyard, E.C.

MESSRS. HOWELL, JAMES, and CO. beg
respectfully to inform their patrons that, in consequence of the approaching termination of the season and the arrangements they have made for the early receipt of their autumn novelties, they have determined to offer the summer portion of their valuable stock at a very great diminution in price. With this intention they have carefully revised the goods in the various departments, especially to effect such a reduction, and offer them for sale this day, throughout the month, and during August. Messrs. Howell, James, and Co. respectfully solicit an early inspection. 57, Regent-street, Fall-mall.

THE SMEES' SPRING MATTRESS,
TUCKERS' PATENT, or "SOMMERFLEET" MATTRESS. Price from 2s.

Received the ONLY Prize Medal or Honourable Mention given to Bedding of any description, at the International Exhibition, 1862. The Jury of Glass 30, in their Report, page 6, No. 2906, and page 11, No. 3014, say:—"The Sommerfleets are perfectly solid, very healthy, and moderate in price."

"A combination as simple as it is ingenious." "A bed as healthy as it is comfortable." To be obtained of most respectable Upholsters and Bedding Warehousemen, or wholesale, of the Manufacturers, Wm. Smees and Sons, Finsbury, London, E.C.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS.
"Need only be known to be appreciated."—Era. "The most perfect-fitting shirt made."—Observer. Six very superior quality for 4s. Price-lists and instructions for self-measurement post-free. Patentees, Richard Ford and Co., 38, Finsbury, E.C.

SANSFLEET CRINOLINES,
15s. 6d., 18s. 6d., and 21s. "Wear admirably."—Conti Journal. R. PHILPOT, 27, Piccadilly.

THOMAS' Patent SEWING-MACHINES.
For Private Family use, Dressmaking, &c. They will Hem, Bind, Braid, Gather, Tuck, Cord, &c. Illustrated Catalogue and Samples of the Work may be had on application to W. F. Thomas and Co., 66, Newgate-street; and Regent-circus, Oxford-street.

TONIC BITTERS.
WATERS' QUININE WINE, the most palatable and wholesome Bitter in existence; an Efficient Tonic, an unequalled stomachic, and a gentle stimulant. Sold by Grocers, Italian Warehousemen, and others, at 30s. a dozen. Manufactured by Robert Waters, 2, Martin-lane, Cannon-street, London. Wholesale Agents, K. Lewis, and Co., Worcester.

THE NEW FILTER.—Dr. FORBES says:
"Mr. LIPSCOMB'S PATENT NEW FILTER is the only known method by which lead and lime are removed from drinking water. It is, therefore, a most valuable invention." Can only be had at Mr. Lipscomb's Filter Office, Fleet-street, Temple-bar. Prospectus free.

DR. DE JONGH'S
LIGHT-BROWN COD-LIVER OIL, prescribed as the most effective remedy for CONSUMPTION, GENERAL DEBILITY, and INFANTILE WEAKNESS. Pronounced by the highest medical authorities to be THE ONLY COD-LIVER OIL invariably pure, uniformly excellent, PALATABLE, AND EASILY TAKEN. Sold ONLY in capsuled IMPERIAL Half Pint, 2s. 6d.; Pint, 4s. 9d. Quarts, 9s.; by respectable Chemists. SOLE CONSIGNERS, ANSAR, HARFORD, and CO., 77, Strand, London, W.C.

CHOLERA, Dysentery, and Diarrhoea.
ASAFOIDINE, as recommended by the Faculty and by Sir John Tyndal, who, during the severe epidemic of 1848, cured more than 100 persons in various parishes near his residence at Boreham House. Sir John's friends in India and the Crimea likewise benefited by it. In all cases of English cholera a second dose is seldom wanted, and it always gives instant relief. To be had of all respectable chemists, and of the proprietor, R. S. STARKIE, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 4, Strand, Charing-cross. In bottles, 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 21s.

PROVIDENCE-RON NIGHT REFUGE
for HOMELESS WOMEN and CHILDREN, FINSBURY. 45,000 night lodgings, with supper and breakfast, have been given in this institution to the destitute, who otherwise would have been to pass the night in streets or under railway arches. At present 500 night lodgings, with supper and breakfast, are given gratuitously every week. The poor from all parts of London are admitted, the only condition being that they are homeless and starving. The manager, &c., receive no remuneration whatever. SUBSCRIPTIONS are earnestly requested, to supply food to the really starving and who would be without it. The really homeless are gratefully received by the Rev. D. Gilbert, D.D., No. 22, Finsbury-circus, E.C.

SALVEO PEDES.—TENDER FEET.
A more remedy in ANGUS SLIGH'S Salveo Pedes. Sold by Chemists, Patent Medicine Vendors and Perfumers, in half-bottles, 1s. 6d., and bottles 2s. 6d. each Wholesale, 13, Little Britain, E.C.

PARKINS and GOTTO.
MANUFACTURING STATIONERS,
24 and 25, Oxford-street.
The public supplied at wholesale prices.

20 MILLION ENVELOPES sold annually
at PARKINS and GOTTO, 24, Oxford-street, W.
Useful Envelopes 2s. 6d. per 1000
Thick ditto 4s. 6d. per 1000

120 SHEETS of NOTE-PAPER for 6d.;
120 thick do. for 1s.; 120 sheets black-bordered, for 1s.;
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Envelopes supplied in quantities, from 1000 to 50,000, at extraordinary low prices. Samples forwarded. PARKINS and GOTTO, 24 and 25, Oxford-street, W.

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3000. PARKINS and GOTTO,
24 and 25, Oxford-street, W.

INKSTANDS, DESKS, BOOK-SLIDES, &c.
PARKINS and GOTTO,
24 and 25, Oxford-street, W.

THE 2s. PRIZE WRITING-CASE,
by post for 2s. stamps. 250,000 already sold.
PARKINS and GOTTO,
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DRESSING-BAGS, Hand Bags, and Reticules.
PARKINS and GOTTO,
24 and 25, Oxford-street, W.

WORK-BOXES, Knitting, and Glove Boxes.
PARKINS and GOTTO,
24 and 25, Oxford-street, W.

15,000 BIBLES, PRAYER-BOOKS, and
Church Services.
PARKINS and GOTTO,
24 and 25, Oxford-street, W.

INVITATION NOTE-PAPER, Return Thanks
Note (gilt-edged and black-bordered), fancy-bordered Note-papers, dish papers, foreign post papers, dance programmes, black-bordered papers, cream-laid note-papers. All of the best quality at the lowest prices.—J. GILBERT'S, 19, Gracechurch-street, London, E.C. Lists of prices sent post-free.

AFTER SEA-BATHING Use RIMMEL'S
LIME JUICE and GLYCERINE to soften the Hair, which is injured by sea water. Price 1s. 6d. Sold by all perfumers. 96, Strand; and 24, Cornhill.

BREIDENBACH'S WOOD VIOLET.
Forget-me-not, and Jockey Club, three of the finest perfumes made.—157B, New Bond-street.

TOURISTS and TRAVELLERS exposed to
the Sun and Dust will find the application of ROWLANDS' KALYDOR both cooling and refreshing to the face and skin; allaying all heat and irritability; removing eruptions, freckles, and colorations; and rendering the skin soft, clear, and blooming. Price 4s. 6d. and 6s. 6d. per bottle. Sold at 20, Hatton-garden; and by Chemists and Perfumers.

* * * Ask for "Rowlands' Kalydor," and beware of spurious articles under the name of "Kalydor."

EMIGRATION TO AUCKLAND, New
Zealand.—The Government of New Zealand are prepared to give FREE GRANTS OF LAND in the province of Auckland to SMALL FARMERS. Further particulars to be had on application to the Government Agency, No. 3, Adelaide-place, London-bridge, London.

WM. S. GRAHAM, } New Zealand Government
JOHN MORRISON, } Emigration Board.

ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES,
Putney, Surrey; Instituted, 1854.
Treasurer—HENRY RUTH, Esq., Bankers—Messrs. Glyn, Mills, and Co. Melrose Hall, Enfield-road, Finsbury. Estimated cost, £3765.

The Board earnestly APPEAL for FUNDS in aid of this national undertaking. It is expected to open the new Hospital about Midsummer next. There will be perfect accommodation for 200 inmates.

The estate is situated at West-End, Putney-heath. It consists of a mansion and twenty-four acres of park land, and is accessible by railway or omnibus. Donations of five guineas and upwards give the privilege of life-governorship and votes in proportion. Smaller amounts of half-guineas and upwards entitle to present votes.

Contributions received by the Bankers, Messrs. Glyn, Mills, and Co., 67, Lombard-street, E.C.; Messrs. Coutts and Co., 59, Strand; by the Treasurer, Henry Ruth, Esq., 10, Moorgate-street, E.C.; and by the Secretary, 10, Finsbury, E.C.; to whom orders should be payable. FREDERICK ANDREW, Secretary. Office, 10, Finsbury, E.C., July, 1864.

CANCER HOSPITAL, London and
Brompton.—The many other claims on public benevolence, and no charitable bequest having been received during the present year, the income of the Hospital has been seriously affected, and, although there is accommodation for eighty in-door patients, the admissions have been necessarily restricted for want of funds, excepting outdoor cases, which average upwards of 400 constantly under treatment. The wealthy and benevolent are urgently solicited for pecuniary aid. FREDERICK ANDREW, Secretary. Treasurer—William Loxham Farrer, Esq., 66, Lincoln's-inn-fields. Bankers—Messrs. Coutts and Co. Secretary's Office—167, Finsbury, opposite Bond-street. W. J. COCKERILL, Secretary.

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